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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*France in 1829-30.* By Lady Morgan, author of "France in 1816," &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1086. London, 1830. Saunders and Otley.

WE opened this work more with the wish than the expectation that we should find it such as would warrant a great alteration in our general opinion of the writings of Lady Morgan. But, in truth, she has not improved by twenty years of authorship: her faults only become the more fatiguing from repetition. The mystery of the superior tiresomeness of the present performance is also perhaps to be ascribed to the craft of book-making: one volume might have been tolerable, but two are really more than can be undergone with any thing like patience. "France in 1829-30" implies a picture of the country in these pregnant and recently splendid years; but after yawning over almost every page of Lady Morgan's slight ebullitions, we close the last chapter with no more idea of actual France than when we began the first. We have read indeed a great deal about her ladyship; what she said in indifferent French, how she argued and criticised, how she referred to her former publications as if they had electrified entire Europe, her witticisms and *bon-mots*, and all that the most engrossing egotism and vanity could lug into print; but of the real state of society even in Paris, we learn nothing that might not have been communicated in a quarter of one of the volumes.

But besides the book-manufacturing origin of this failure, another principal cause of it is in either the natural temperament or the affected vivacity of the author. She writes as if she were a romping girl just let loose upon the world for the first time; and not like a sensible matronly observer, who has had some experience, and should be able to tell us a little soberly what she sees. It is almost pitiable to look upon a mature person exhibiting such fantastic tricks; and even in a miss of seventeen the long continuation of the hoyden would be apt to create ennui, if not disgust.

It is, we assure our readers, painful to us to speak thus of the production of a female pen; and we have several strong reasons for desiring that we might with justice have delivered a very different judgment. But we are bound to the public tribunal by truth, and by a sense of what we owe to its unexampled favour; and, however nibbled and scribbled at, we will in all fairness discharge our duty.

A sweetly-engraved portrait of Lady Morgan (sketched by J. P. Davis, and engraved by T. Wright), ushers us among, and prepares us for the numberless personal traits with which her volumes abound: it is in profile, and shews a beautiful countenance, full of character and expression; but whether it is like her ladyship we have not the pleasure to know. We presume she must be mistress of intellectual and spirited, if not of regular and handsome features; for we have in "France in 1829"

the details of its transcript not only into picture, but into bust and medal by the most admiring and vaunted artists of Paris.

Having got over the pretty portrait, we dash at once into (for such are these two volumes) the auto-biographical sketch of Lady Morgan for the fragment of a year, during which she left Ireland, a persecuted female in darkness and despair; enjoyed a few months of the French capital, in the way our extracts will illustrate; and returned home ready for the press to her *maison bijou*, as she calls it, near Dublin.

"Oh! the delicious burst of agreeable sensations," she commences on landing at Calais, a lady driven from her native land for having "devoted to its interests all her sympathies, to its cause all her talents; and drawn upon herself the persecution of one party, without securing the protection of another."—Alas, poor lady! but her spirits were good, and she wonderfully withstood the shock, though in the early parts of the narrative we have a little more of the sentimental than when the gaieties of Paris induce to jumping, laughing, tumbling about, and other small feminine eccentricities. Thus we hear much of the "impetuosity of her (ladyship's) feelings;" of her "bursts of sensation;" of her "newly-kindled excitements;" of her "spirits too exuberant;" and of sundry other indications of extreme sensibility. These little clouds, however, gradually disperse, and then comes the sunshine of the heart, the frolic, the fun of the Wild Irish Girl of fifteen. Hop, skip, and away; I by myself I; Lady Morgan, the celebrated author denounced by the *Quarterly*, proscribed by the Emperor of Austria, idolised by France and the rest of Europe. Here I go, all life, and giving birth to a book as full of nothing else, as an empty nut is full of emptiness; but a few scraps of brown husk which are to pass for what should have been kernel. From this source spring the lively errors which usurp the place of truth, and misrepresent every thing which the author describes, except herself. By aiming at eternal playfulness and smartness, she exaggerates to such a pitch, that we receive no definite or exact idea whatever from her sketches. In contrasting London with Boulogne, for example—she exclaims, "Is there nothing French, then, out of London, where every shop is a *magasin*, and every article labelled by the vocabulary of the *Rue Vivienne*?"—Reading this, one would suppose that in London every shop was a *magasin*, and all the goods labelled in French, as asserted by the writer; and what a preposterous notion of our metropolis would such a belief afford! We do not think there are fifty such shops in all the vast circumference of our trading capital; and we dwell on the passage, not so much for its importance, but to prove that no dependance can be placed on Lady Morgan's fanciful distortions; and that if she can so absurdly caricature her own country, it would be too much to expect accuracy in what refers to a foreign people.

With this salutary proviso established, we

shall now proceed to such farther specimens as we deem it proper to adduce in support of the opinions we have stated, and in illustration of the work before us. We may also premise, however, that Lady Morgan does not pretend to write in English: her style is a conventional jargon, so spotted with French, (and occasionally Italian,) that no plain scholar (including in his acquisitions a tolerable acquaintance with the French tongue) can understand it. Every page is alike: take, at hazard, a receipt for perfuming a handkerchief:—

"Take a dozen embroidered cobwebs, such as some 'araignée du voisinage' might weave for the reticule of Queen Mab, and place them in the pocket of an elegant *porte-mouchoir*, which must not be of any of the old-fashioned prismatic colours; but, (as 'La Mode' phrases it,) *du couleur le plus nouveau*." Into the cover of this elegant and indispensable superfluity, the delicate odours are to be quilted, which communicate a just-perceptible atmosphere; (that is to say, an atmosphere perceptible to the practised olfactories of enlightened nerves;) and which mingling with the freshness of the last spring-water rinse of the laundry, renders the application of the handkerchief to the face a 'perfect pleasure.' This receipt I give almost in the very words of the *merveilleux* from whom I had it."

In some remarks on the modern literature we find the next:—

"Napoleon was a romanticist, *sans s'en douter*. On the restoration of the Bourbons, the classic muses of the *ail de bœuf*, who made their entry on the baggage-waggons of the allies, were busily employed in giving subjects for impromptu royalty to the candidates for poetical pensions. The echoes of the theatre were called forth by laudatory strains *mille fois répétés*, in praise of the 'envoyé d'en haut.' Apollo once more resumed his place in the Tuileries, and 'les Graces' re-occupied the niches vacated by the genius of victory. The modern classics beheld the restoration of this portion of the ancient *régime* with triumph; and many of the elders of the liberal party (who denied in literature that liberty of conscience which they had adopted in politics) held up the code of Aristotle in one hand, and the *charte* in the other."

Morning society is the last specimen we shall quote of this silly style;—a passage or two also affording a tolerable sample of the way in which Lady M.'s egotism is paraded.

"Mérimee, with his usual *capiglerie*, held out the argument against me with Clarence's dream; and so, as usual, we all left off as we began. But we all agreed that the prose of P. Courier, and the poetry of Beranger, were each in perfection in their several ways: while some observed, that the French and English are making an exchange of words and of things, and quoted a translated idiom of my Anglo-French, which, though it now shocks the ears of the purists, might be naturalised some of these days. 'Shock us!' said Bayle—yes,

but not in your English sense of the word. It does give us an agreeable shock. Are you English aware that there is an almost primitive simplicity in the errors you commit in our language of phrases, that carries with it an infinite charm. We modern French, for instance, prefer the French letters of Horace Walpole to those of his correspondent Mad. du Defand: there is a force, a *naïveté*, in his translated idioms, a thousand times more expressive than the purisms of the French lady, the muse of the literati of her time. His style is as little the French of *les Quarante* as his wit; but it is something better. His words have the force of ideas, and his phrases are so free from the monotony of our rhythm, that they keep us *tout éveillés*. M—— observed, that the French bore a great resemblance to the Athenians in their sensibility to purity of style; and this brought us to the Greeks and their cause. We naturally made a reference to Col. Tolstoy's pamphlet, written in excellent French, which lay upon the table. He, of course, went with the Russian policy; the French were all for the plains of Marathon and Greek liberty, and the English were more or less in the doctrines which produced the massacres of Parga, and Mr. Sheridan's pamphlet against the Greeks; and so we were all drawn up in battle array. David led the charge, as Praxiteles himself might have done; and if there is any fire in the medal that represents my stupid Irish face, it is due to that which kindled his spirit, as he worked and defended the land of the arts and the compatriots of Apelles. Meantime several visitors, bored, perhaps, with a subject in which they took little interest, bowed themselves out. Among these, were one or two gentlemen who had taken no further part in the conversation than to ask the names of my other guests, who, after their departure, asked theirs. I said I did not know, or at least must refer to my visiting-book to ascertain them. 'Not know the names of your guests?' said Madame D.; 'qu'elle est drôle.' 'Que voulez vous, madame? We are presented at some crowded assembly, or public place, to a number of all nations. We don't catch half their foreign names. These *présentés* present others; they call, and are let in. Their names are announced by my servant, who gives them all a certain Irish *tourneur*, that makes confusion worse confounded; and so there they are. Some turn out delightful, high-bred, and agreeable, like that young Wallachian Boiardo who has just left us; and others prove posers, like—but I won't exemplify, where all are courteous and kind, and well informed and well disposed.' 'And one of them,' said Monsieur de —, 'whom I saw here the other day, is an ex-Jesuit.' 'Madonna mia! you make me start! I am denounced, then, to the holy office, or to the police at least.' 'Oh! don't be alarmed,' said Boyle; 'you have nothing to fear from the police now.' 'You don't mean to say that there is no longer a police in France?' 'A peu près. Upon great occasions, a few civil gentlemen come forth, enter your room, *chapeau bas*, politely inquire into the disorder, or relate the event that occasions their intrusion, and have the air of paying a visit of ceremony, instead of a domiciliary visit. As for your Jesuit, whoever he may be—and these things are easier said than proved—the worst you have to expect is an attack in some of the ultra papers, or in those intelligent organs of public opinion, which treat upon hats, caps, 'des grands ourlets et du petit manteau.' 'Or de la pluie et du beau temps—que voilà!' I exclaimed.

'So let us enjoy it in the gardens.' 'Levero l'incommodo,' said David.——'!!

It is a happy thing for the ignorant, that translations of this slip-slop and patch-work are generally given at the foot of the page; by which even the few country gentlemen who may read this book will be enabled to comprehend the commonest French words and phrases. There is a kindness in this which almost excuses the offence of so unnecessarily introducing them. But the pure English is sometimes on a par with the pure French: for instance (p. 186), where her ladyship confesseth, "I am either too old or too young, too *blasée* or too vivacious, to set down to such sentimental vapours of vanity or indigestion;" and, p. 352, "the attraction of the Abeldar, in my eyes, is that it is as like Talma as if he had set for it;"—for which her ladyship deserves a good setting down.

Come we now to other points. On politics, it seems, that the use of omnibuses by the lower orders in Paris has had prodigious influence. "The poorest Parisian workman and his family ride more luxuriantly now, than that great king—*roi, le plus roi qui onques fut*—ever rode in his day; and the *soubrette*, carrying the modes of the Faubourg St. Honoré to that of les Invalides, drives more rapidly in her elegant zoe, or gondola, with its cushion of down or of iron, than the ambulatory seraglio of Versailles, when royal mothers, mistresses, wives, favourites, and children legitimate and illegitimate, followed the camp of the *grand monarque*, all stuffed pell-mell in the *carrasse du roi*. These physical comforts will not easily be given up; for they inspire the possessors with a sense of the personal dignity of man, and of his value (so to speak) in the market, which gives despotism an infinity of trouble. It is naked, unaccommodated, ignorant man, that constitutes the especial raw material of unlimited sway." This teaches us to prefer the dignity of man, as elevated by riding in omnibuses, to the naked man, who, according to Lady Morgan's judgment in such matters, is the raw material of despotism!! Philosophy is next on stilts as high as politics. "There are certain positions, and, above all, certain celebrities in society, to which the mind necessarily attaches certain ideas—ideas which are not to be shaken off, however often refuted by individual experience;"—which, being translated, is meant to import, that we feel some awe on going into the company of an eminent personage, such as the Count de Tracy, whom Lady Morgan was about to visit, and whose assemblies (she informs us) "are among the most select and remarkable in Paris. Inaccessible to common-place mediocrity and pushing pretension, their visitor must be ticketed in some way or other to obtain a presentation." Her ladyship must, therefore, to use the slang word, have been "ticketed" above the common-place mediocrity and pushing pretension on which she looks down. Indeed, she is full of her aristocratic associations; and few persons below dukes, marquesses, barons, and counts (except distinguished geniuses), figure on her tapestry. The grand is pleasant:—a French romanticist has told her a pathetic tale (an invention, by the by) of a poor poet, who dies swan-like; and the following is the finale:—"At last he retired to a poor little village near Meudon, where he gave himself up to the composition of works which dissolve the soul in tears, or burn it with passion. Poor, neglected, worn-out, he died last October of a broken heart, and a complicated pulmonary consump-

tion. You weep, *chère miladi!*" 'Tis very foolish,' I said; 'but the fact is, that the life and death of this unfortunate and very foolish young man recalls those of one who, when in infancy, was the adopted of my father's house, the unfortunate Thomas Dermody, the poet; but you know as little, I suppose, of our modern poets as I do of yours.' 'Que vous êtes bonne!' said my good-natured friend, mingling his tears with mine."

What a melting scene—*chère Miladi* and Monsieur weeping together! *affettuoso!* Their picture in the act would have made a more interesting frontispiece than even her ladyship's lovely portrait. Then "my father's house" must have impressed the blubbering Frenchman with the idea that her crying and sentimental ladyship's paternal mansion was at least a chateau; yet the only wings the worthy Mr. Owenston, her papa, ever owned were not those of a house, but of the stage. But where all is vanity, without vexation of spirit, why should we give one another taste?—there are plenty more precious bits.

"We meet, scattered over the surface of remote and variegated society, so many we wish to know, and who wish to know us, not merely, perhaps, for the respective merits of the parties, but for that magic bond, the *vous me convenez—je vous conviens!*" I knew the author of the statue of Condé must be in my way (be the confession an epigram or an *éloge*); and in the many pleasant hours we afterwards spent in his study in the faubourg, while sitting for my bust,—in the Rue de Rivoli, at our hotel,—and in the various rencontres of Parisian society, this first impression was fully justified, as first impressions, indeed, very generally are. Although David is the sculptor of romanticism *par excellence*, he has a strong vocation to moulding the heads of those who have amused the public or himself, without much reference to sect, and still less with a view either to pecuniary profit, or (in my instance) to permanent fame.†

"Nothing can be more delightful, more instructive, more amusing, than our mornings at Paris. One goes through a course of literature, science, arts, politics, philosophy, and fashion, *toute en courant*; laughing, arguing, gossiping, lounging on sofas, or jumping into carriages, running in and out of public and private edifices and collections."

"I happened one night to mention at General Lafayette's that I should remain at home on the following morning, to sit for a medal to David; and the information brought us a numerous circle of morning visitors; others dropped in by chance, and some by appointment. From twelve till four, my little salon was a congress composed of the representatives of every vocation of arts, letters, science, *bon ton*, and philosophy, in which, as in the Italian opera-boxes of Milan and Naples, the comers and goers succeeded each other, as the narrow limits of the space required that the earliest visitor should make room for the last arrival. There was Pigault le Brun, the father of the revolutionary novelists, whose wit and humour can never be out of fashion, however it may fare with the forms in which he has embodied them. There was Mignet, the historian of his age, and belonging to his age—honest, fearless, and giving to his narrative the demonstration of mathematics and the brevity of epigram, in a style which is in itself philosophy. There was Mérimée, like his own original and de-

† Amongst his sitters, her ladyship, with her customary fidelity and knowledge, mentions Mademoiselle Tastu, mistaking Madame for a Mlle!

lightful dramas, simple, natural, and animated. The brilliant Beyle, whose travels made me long to know the author, and whose conversation is still more lively and original than his books; Dumas, the author of Henry the Third, one of the most successful adventurers in the rich and new mine of romanticism; and the spiritual and interesting Robert Lefèvre, and De Montrol, who says more clever things even than he writes, who has composed a life of Clement Marot, in an episode, that is in prose what its subject was in poetry; and the Commandeur Gazzera, of the order of Malta, the author of many ingenious works,—one among the oldest of our continental friends, and the most hospitable of hosts; and there was an accomplished young diplomatist from the United States, Mr. B——, and Monsieur Miguel de la Barra, the secretary of legation from Chili; and Don Louis d'Arandada, an *attaché* of the Portuguese embassy; and Colonel Tolstoy from Russia; and the Prince and Princess of Salmas, from their feudal castle on the Rhine; and the Count and Countess de Rochefoucauld Liancourt—(the principles of the one, and the graces of the other, like their illustrious name, beyond all change of circumstance or touch of time); and the honest and gifted Italian brothers Ugóni; and 'son obligation,' Monsieur Julien de Paris; and the two first amateurs of the musical world, even of that musical world from whence they came, Signor Barberi and Signor Dottore Benati, with many others, who came in and went out successively,—each leaving behind them the votive offering of an agreeable impression.

"I have been sitting for my picture to Robert Lefèvre, a most agreeable and well-informed person. His agreeability is that of a *laissez aller* temperament, and his information that of a man who has lived in the midst of great events, and with notable and extraordinary persons. \* \* \* All busy people, I believe, hate to sit for pictures, however strong the propensity of their *amour propre* to multiply their likeness. \* \* \* At a ball in the Rue de Bourbon, on my excellent friend, Madame L——'s, I took shelter from the heat and crowd in a pretty boudoir, and threw myself upon the first ottoman that presented itself, very nearly tumbling over an old gentleman who occupied a place on its corner, near the door."

With this hoydenish trait we shall conclude our extracts illustrative of the appearance Lady M. cuts in these volumes; and more, we trust, to the satisfaction of our readers, select a few of the few passages which can interest or amuse the public. The subjoined is a neat *mot* of the famous Lafayette (of whom, now 73 years old, her ladyship gives a pleasant sketch).

"General Sebastiani, talking to him of the old and new nobility, asked, 'Do you not think, general, as I do, that a fusion between them would be very desirable?' 'Oui, mon cher Sebastiani,' replied Lafayette; 'je le désire;—mais complète, jusqu'à l'évaporation.' \* \* \*

The following is a sportive and clever exposition of the romantic sect in Paris, and of her ladyship's vanity:—

"Lady Morgan, if you wanted to drown yourself, how would you set about it? 'How would I drown myself? throw myself into the water, I suppose.' 'Throw yourself into the water! that's the *pont aux ânes*; any one could

\* The meaning of this parenthesis is far above our comprehension.

† It is an odd sign of her ladyship's *esprit* over French, that whenever she attempts to speak it, the parties answer in English as well as they can: the whole seems a sort of humorous *lingua-franca*.

do that: mais écoutez, 'tis from *Le Creux de la Vallée*."

"Pour qui veut se noyer, la place est bien choisie, On n'aurait qu'à venir, un jour de fantasia, A cacher ses habits au pied de ce bouleau, Et, comme pour un bain, à descendre dans l'eau. Non pas en furieux, la tête la première, Mais s'asseoir; regarder; d'un rayon de lumière, Dans le feuillage et l'eau suivre le long reflet, Puis, quand on sentirait ses esprits au complet, Qu'on aurait froid, alors, sans plus traîner la fête, Pour ne plus la lever, plonger, avant la tête."

Is this not beautiful, original, sublime? A writer of the old school would have plunged his hero head foremost, like a vulgar suicide of the Pont Neuf. If Rousseau, your Kirk White, or our Millevoye, were to drown themselves, would not they thus have died? It makes one quite long to follow the example. An irrepressible fit of laughter seized me; and my young *exalté*, somewhat disconcerted by a merriment which, if it had not been inevitable, would certainly have been very rude, took his hat, saying, after a moment's silence, 'I see, Lady Morgan, that I have been mistaken. You have long been deemed in France a champion of romanticism. I was a boy when your work on this country came out; and I took my first colour of literary opinion from your *France*. Whatever popularity you enjoy as a writer here, you owe it to this belief. To what circumstance I may attribute your change, I know not; but I cannot compliment you on the retrogradation: I have the honour to offer you my respects.'"

Apologues: we have far too much of the disputes between the Romanticists and the Classicists, and of other crude essays, which might just as well have been written in Dublin as in Paris; and, besides, her ladyship possesses very insufficient knowledge to justify her giving opinions upon French literature or art. Her criticisms are, indeed, quite ludicrous. "In this beautiful statue" (Condé, on the Pont Louis XVI.) she says, "there was not the sublime calm, the *momental immobility*, the infectious solemnity, which makes one tread lightly and breathe low in passing along the galleries of the Vatican, as if the godlike creatures there represented were themselves present in their silent divinity, to impose awe, and to command adoration. But in its place was to be found a quality of an opposite and perhaps equal merit—living, moving, exciting, passionate humanity. The very pedestal trembles under the violent pressure of the indignant and animated form it supports." Oh!! \* \* \* "The eye does not dwell on them (the statues) sufficiently long to lose their moral, in their physical effect. But in the arts, and especially in sculpture, where form is not mingled with colour, the angular awkwardness of passionate gesticulation being permanent, has a tendency to excite in the beholder a sympathetic pain, such as the actor would himself sustain in the long maintenance of so constrained an attitude. From this difficulty (which is only to be vanquished by great art) the ancients have shrunk; and I was half afraid to express the admiration I felt for this fine statue, lest I might be wrong, according to rule, though right according to impression."

\* "Should you wish in the waters a cold bed to find, The place where we stand is just made to your mind. Choose your day and set off. Ere you sink in the billow, Pack your clothes in a bundle snug under your willow. Soave not head over ears, as if conquered by wrath, But go, step by step, as you'd enter a bath: Sit down—look about you—examine the ray Which pours in, through the trees, in a long line of day: And when you're in order, prime up to the mark, (That is, half killed with cold), take the leap in the dark." Don't keep yourself waiting, but down with your head, And be sure you don't lift it again till you're dead."

How gloriously unintelligible these big words are, and, where intelligible, how absurd! The ancient sculptors shrunk from passion and gesticulation!! O, Laocoons, Gladiators, Apollos, be burnt into lime and forgotten!

Of Rossini we like the notice, though, as usual, only brought in to hitch her ladyship, her publications, and her justly portrayed manner of chattering upon

"Inspiration! If you were to talk to him of inspiration, he would laugh at you. He laughs at the very idea; but then he laughs at every thing, himself included. He is a thorough Mephistophiles! To see Rossini in all the glory of his genius, and his natural and unobtrusive wit, you must see him at midnight, composing at his little desk, in his black cap, surrounded by his *habitués*, yet undisturbed by their fun and frolic; in which, from time to time, he bears his part, particularly if his clever friend Caraffa be present: then, indeed, he is in his own sphere; there is nothing like him." I hazarded an opinion on music and Rossini, which I have printed in the *Book of the Boudoir*; and so we got upon the revolution he has effected in his art, and upon that genius which gets the start of its age. 'No,' said Mignet, 'genius goes with its age; and it is by so doing that it wins its success.' I still persisted in my Mrs. Malaprop style of arguing, 'clever men go with their age, and prosper; genius goes one step beyond it, and is persecuted.' Mérimée and David were of my opinion."

Of Helen Maria Williams, too, the mention is interesting to the English reader.

"We talked much and long of our celebrated friend Miss Williams; and it was painful to learn, that she had fallen into absolute indigence some time before her death; a circumstance which, in her independent spirit, she endeavoured to conceal till all further concealment was impossible. Her excellent nephew, Mr. C——, a respected member of the Dutch church, and one of the most celebrated preachers of Amsterdam, having at last learned the state of her affairs, came for her to Paris, and took her home to Amsterdam; but the translation from her own delightful circle in the French capital, and the different order of society in Holland, were too much for her spirits, and she fell into such melancholy and ill-health, that her constitution sunk under the change. Her devoted relation, solicitous even for her pleasures, placed an annuity on her head, out of his own limited means, and brought her back to Paris. He brought her back, however, only to convey her to her modest tomb, amidst the cypresses of the Cimetière de la Chaise. Thus terminated the life of Johnson's 'elegant muse, in sadness and poverty.' Her faults were attributable to the singular times in which her ardent feelings and brilliant talents developed themselves. Born and bred in another era, she would have directed her original talents to other purposes, and in all probability with a happier result."

Pius VII. called a M. Marron "the Protestant Pope"—Marron had presented a little poem to his holiness; and "the following couplet was sent to M. Marron by the pope, and may serve as a specimen of his playful wit—

'Vertueux Protestant, que je souffre à vous voir; Tirer Marron du feu, n'est pas en mon pouvoir.'

The point, Lady M. declares, is untranslatable;—that is a pity; but the epigram is neat, and a good sign of tolerant joking in the head of the church.

In all that we have said of, or done with, Lady Morgan's publication, we have confined



ourselves to the first volume; and (at present at least) we shall abstain from its worthy parallel, the second, except to observe, that it contains a Postscript of 38 pages relative to the late revolution—all that belongs to 1830 in the work. If we might credit her ladyship's rose-coloured description of France in the preceding year, we should hold this glorious event to have been very unnecessary; for she assures us in her last chapter, on bidding adieu to the country:

"If ever there was a moment in which, beyond all others, France is to be visited with pleasure, and quitted with regret, it is now, when every thing conspires to evince that she has discovered the great secret of all human science, its object and its end—the secret of good government, in the interest, and for the happiness, of the greatest number. To attain to this glorious knowledge, and to its practical application, she has laboured long, and suffered much; and her efforts, like her sufferings, have been without parallel or example."

But Prince Polignac assumed the reins, and overthrew all this blessedness; and the dynasty was changed, the constitution renovated, France delivered from the thralldom which was preparing for her. Assuredly, if the revolution stops where it appears to have stopped, it does deserve the admiration of the world; for Lady M. truly says in fact, though perhaps with too much of her flummery of language:

"The brief unity of its epic action was unstained by one crime, unblemished by one fault. All that was great, all that was good, all that was sublime in humanity, came forth in deeds, that leave the poetry of virtue far behind, and the fictions of genius far below, what history will now record. Rome produced no such men, Sparta no such boys; as the citizens of Paris, and the pupils of her scientific schools. The stoical heroism of antiquity, and the sturdy resistance of the modern revolutionary times of England and America, have been more than equalled, more than surpassed, by the self-devotion, the valour, the unity of purpose and of feeling, of the luxurious inhabitants of the most polished, refined, and luxurious capital of the world. It is not thus that slaves regain their liberty; it is thus that freemen protect it. . . . An uncontrollable patriotism, an incorruptible honesty, and a total abnegation of self, in the great cause, governed all classes."

The measures, associations, &c. by which "all classes" were thus prepared to resist tyrannical and unconstitutional innovation, are for history to develop; that they were so prepared is evident, and that the explosion was simultaneously and effectively produced, by a well-understood compact and arranged course of action, is not to be doubted by men of penetration. And we say not this in disparagement; on the contrary, we maintain that the end would have justified almost any means; unless mankind are willing to be made dumb beasts (as by silencing the press), and then treated as such by a parcel of masters, rioting in the fulness of usurped dominion, disproportioned wealth, and selfish luxury.\* The discharging and letting loose some 25 or 30,000 of the mechanics of Paris, with a fortnight's wages in their pockets to save them from want, as was done by their masters on the morning

after the Ordonnances were issued, and turning them thus idle and flushed into the wine-houses, was one of the most prominent and immediate causes of the successful resistance of the capital. This is not noticed by Lady M., who merely repeats:

"Workmen, trades-people, the pupils of the *Lyées*, boys, and children, congregated and scoured the streets. The shops closed. Arts, science, commerce, trade, were all suspended. The Change shut its doors, the National Bank refused to discount; and thousands of citizens, deprived of employment, with want staring them in the face, were let loose to swell the great tide of discontent."\*

Her ladyship goes on to paint the scene in very bombastic colours, making quite a theatrical picture of families and children, and groups and women, all heroism and tenderness, &c. &c.; but as this can neither inform nor entertain any body, we shall quote a letter from Lafayette, who has done his gray hairs so much honour in this momentous struggle, (and not more by any one act than by his fine declaration against inflicting the punishment of death for political offences; thus endeavouring to spare the ministers he had overthrown, now that they are in his power,—a desire in which every good and wise man, who loves justice tempered with mercy, and who dreads the reaction of all bloody deeds, must cordially sympathise):—this letter is dated 21st August, and addressed to Sir C. and Lady Morgan; and we give it both in the original and the indifferent translation.

"Au milieu du tourbillon où je vis, mes chers amis, je vous demande la permission de dicter ma réponse à vos deux bonnes lettres, en reconnaissant l'envoi de dix livres sterling. Nous avons fait une belle et rapide révolution. Toute la gloire en est au peuple de Paris; c'est-à-dire à la portion la moins aisée de ce peuple, aux élèves des écoles de droit et de médecine, &c. mêlés à la population et particulièrement à l'admirable Ecole Polytechnique, dont l'uniforme étoit partout un signal de confiance. Le peuple s'est montré aussi grand par sa générosité après la victoire, qu'il a été terrible et habile dans les combats. Je vois avec plaisir que vous approuvez la résolution prise par nous autres républicains, de recourir à l'érection d'un trône populaire, en l'amalgamant à des institutions républicaines. Le choix du prince et de la famille est excellent. Vous me demandez des nouvelles personnelles de votre vieux ami. J'étais à la Grange à déjeuner le Mardi lorsque nous avons reçu le *Moniteur* et les ordonnances: huit heures après j'étais à Paris. On s'est battu le Mardi soir, la journée du Mercredi, et du Jeudi. Le Jeudi matin, l'Hôtel de Ville, pris et repris, étoit devenu mon quartier général; et le drapeau tricolore, que j'y avais planté, il y a quarante ans y flottait de nouveau. Le Vendredi on se battait encore dans les faubourgs; mais la plus grande partie de l'armée royale couvrait St. Cloud. La cour a fait mine de résistance à Rambouillet. Elle avoit encore dix mille hommes des meilleures troupes réglées. J'ai fait marcher vingt mille citoyens, ce qui a déterminé le mouvement de retraite. La famille royale a ensuite traversé la France sous l'escort de nos commissaires à écharpe tricolore. Elle a partout trouvé le silence, sans la moindre insulte. La France s'organise en garde nationale, dont on a voulu que je restasse provisoirement le commandant-en-chef. Toute la famille en est en

bonne santé, et vous dit mille amitiés. Nous sommes profondément touchés des témoignages d'approbation et de sympathie que nous ont été donnés par le peuple de la Grande Bretagne et de l'Irlande. Il faut espérer que cette révolution, sans tache, amènera la liberté de l'Europe. Recevez, mes chers amis, tous mes remerciements et amitiés. LAFAYETTE."

"I must send you our new national song, by Casimir la Vigne, although mingled with other kindnesses to me; but I have not time to copy it."

*Translation*.—"Living as I am, in a vortex of affairs, I beg your permission, my dear friends, to dictate my answer to your kind letters, with an acknowledgment of the receipt of ten pounds, enclosed. We have made a noble and rapid revolution. The glory belongs to the people of Paris; that is, to the portion the least affluent of its population; to the pupils of the schools of medicine and of law, &c., mingled with the populace, and, more particularly, with the pupils of the admirable Polytechnic School, whose uniform was every where the signal of confidence. The people shewed themselves as great, by their generosity after the victory, as they were terrible and expert in the hour of combat. I observe, with pleasure, that you approve of the resolution which we republicans have taken, of concurring in the erection of a popular throne, by amalgamating it with republican institutions. The choice made of the prince and family are excellent. You ask for some personal news of your old friend. I was at La Grange at breakfast on the Tuesday, when I received the *Moniteur* and ordinances. Eight hours afterwards, I was at Paris. The fighting began on the Tuesday evening, and was continued through Wednesday and Thursday. On Thursday morning, the Hôtel de Ville, after having been taken and retaken, became my head-quarters; and the tri-coloured flag, which I had planted there forty-one years ago, again floated from its roof. On Friday there was still some skirmishing in the faubourgs; but the greater part of the royal army had retreated to cover St. Cloud. The court made a show of resistance at Rambouillet: it had still ten thousand of the best-disciplined troops; but I ordered twenty thousand citizens to march against them, which determined a retreat. The royal family have since traversed France under the protection of our commissioners with the tri-coloured scarf. A profound silence, undisturbed by a single insult, reigned wherever they passed. France is now organising itself into a national guard, of which it is desired that I should remain provisionally the commander-in-chief. All my family are in good health, and express towards you a thousand friendly sentiments. We are all deeply sensible of the testimonies of approbation and sympathy which have been offered us by the people of Great Britain and Ireland. Be it hoped that this revolution, without a stain, may effect the liberty of Europe. Accept, my dear friends, the expression of my thanks and friendship.

(Signed) "LAFAYETTE."† We have to add, that Sir C. Morgan has furnished four essays or papers to these volumes, on Philosophy, the Public Journals, Primogeniture, and Public Opinion:—he seems to have had allotted to him all the subjects (ex-

\* Written in English.  
† A Paris paper states, that General Lafayette has received more than 5000 private letters, and upwards of 20,000 letters on public business, most of them from officers and soldiers on *retruite*, which remain unanswered. To answer the letters as they arrive daily, would, it is said, require ten or twelve secretaries.

\* It will be well for these orders, whosoever they exist, to observe the signs of the times. It is not only in France—it is throughout the enlightening world, demanded whether the earth and its enjoyments have been made for mankind, or for a very small and not the most deserving class of men?

\* The first tri-coloured flag is said to have been inspired of the shirt and habiliments of a dead soldier.



cept the Postscript) beginning with P, and he has acquitted himself so very satisfactorily, that we should not have been sorry if his lady had allowed him a few other letters. We should then have had some intelligence, instead of long passages that lead to nothing; and a compilation which, taken altogether, would have been too much for the nerves of private friends in private correspondence, and too unimportant for a few columns of newspaper communications. On the flighty statements we can repose no dependence; the style is abominable, being no more English than a brindled cow or a Danish dog are white: all is overcharged; and we have to regret the foolish exposure of a naturally clever woman, eaten to the core with the most excessive vanity.

*The Animal Kingdom described and arranged in conformity with its Organisation.* By the Baron Cuvier. Translated, with large additional Descriptions, by E. Griffith, F.L.S., and others. Part XXV. *Reptilia*. Whitaker and Co.

WE have more than once noticed this work in its progress towards completion, and bestowed our meed of praise on its conductors, for the judicious manner in which they have blended interesting illustrations of the habits and nature of animals with the scientific system of Cuvier. Like all other sciences, zoology has its own peculiar phraseology; which to the general reader presents nothing but a dry catalogue of hard names, while to the student of the science it furnishes the only means for systematising knowledge and classifying observations. The great advance which has been made in the study of natural history within the last few years has been owing rather to the accuracy than to the extent of the information acquired by modern travellers: when once the distinctive marks of the different classes and orders have been determined, the chances of mistake are infinitely diminished; we no longer meet with statements of anomalies and exceptions, but find that amid all variations and diversities there is a beautiful harmony in nature; that there are invariable laws for the animate as well as the inanimate creation; and that though within certain limits, there is room for many diversities, yet that those limits are never overpassed. The study of animated nature, always delightful, has thus acquired a new charm; for, in addition to its inherent interest, it has obtained at once the certainty and simplicity which constitute so great a portion of the pleasure derived from the study of the physical sciences. In man, nature has displayed the powers of the brain and the nervous system; to beasts she has given muscular energy; to the winged tribes of air she has presented a powerful pulmonary apparatus; and to the reptile kingdom she has assigned superior muscular contractility—whose results are ever the source of wonder and surprise. Each portion of zoological science has thus attractions peculiarly its own: in the mammalia we admire the display of strength and muscular exertion, while we trace the grades of docility and intelligence which find their consummation in man: the varied plumage and the rich harmony of the birds irresistibly arrest our attention; but in the reptiles we have to wonder at the amazing diversity of their forms, their wondrous tenacity of life, and, above all, their power of reproducing parts whose loss in other animals would be the certain termination of existence. It may well excite our astonishment, that there should be a common law of life to the alligator, the

great terror of Southern America, and the harmless earthworm that we turn up in our fields; but it is no less true; and different as they are in outward form, it will be found that this general law produces a multitude of particular conformations. The structure and frame of the different classes of animals ever determine the laws of their existence; and when the anatomist has discovered the relative power and deficiency of the several organs, the history of the animal's life is known. The organic conformation which distinguishes the reptile tribes, is thus clearly shewn in the work before us:—

“Vertebrate animals, with cold blood, may, in fact, be considered as almost forming another world. They preserve some analogy, it is true, with the superior classes, in the bony skeleton, in the general arrangement of the brain, of the senses, and of the principal viscera; but the heart, both in reptiles and fishes, has but one ventricle or cavity. The vesicular lungs of the reptiles, instead of receiving, as in mammifera and birds, the entire blood to be impregnated with the vital air, receives but a small streamlet of the venous blood, which is even oxygenated but feebly, for these animals breathe but very slowly through this pulmonary viscus, the tissue of which is so very lax. From this it results, that the blood, scarcely warmed and vivified by combination with the vital air, excites but languidly the entire organisation; accordingly, we find the reptiles nearly cold to the touch, like inanimate bodies: for this reason they are observed to seek and court atmospheric heat, or the warm sunshine; and the cold of winter reduces them to a state of torpidity. They seem, for the most part, to vegetate rather than live, to be insensible of a wound, and even scarcely to discover any considerable degree of anguish when cut in pieces. Their organisation very speedily renews many parts, such as the tail or toes, when they have been removed. As these animals have but very little cerebellum in proportion to their size, and a brain composed of but six small tubercles, their existence is not so absolutely concentrated in their head as ours. It seems rather to be attached to their spinal marrow, and to be more generally disseminated throughout their body. A tortoise has been known to live for eighteen days after the brain was removed, still walking about, but groping its way, for its eyes were closed, and the power of vision lost in consequence of the cutting of the optic nerves. A salamander has lived several months although decapitated by means of a ligature fastened tightly round the neck. The heart of a viper, when plucked out, will beat and contract on being pricked for the space of forty hours. From all this appears, that these animals have not such a centralised life as that of a quadruped or a bird, which would instantly perish from similar amputations. This pertinacious irritability in frogs and serpents renders them very proper subjects of galvanic and electrical experiments. Electricity is found to exercise a most powerful influence on them. Reptiles are exceedingly sensible to storms, and to an electric state of the atmosphere, of which they appear to foresee all the changes, as appears by the croaking of frogs, &c. This want of concentration of vitality in the brain has, in the reptiles, as its natural accompaniment, a marked diminution of intelligence; and though some of them can be tamed, it is next to impossible to teach them any thing. \* \* \*

“These animals all respire the air, because they have lungs. But this organ is vesicular, and the blood-vessels which arrive at it are only

branches of the vena cava and the aorta; so that those vessels form no considerable system, and transport but a small quantity of blood to the lungs, instead of a mass of this fluid almost equal to that of the rest of the body, as in warm-blooded animals. For this same reason the heart of reptiles possesses but a single ventricle, which suffices to make their blood circulate, independently of respiration. The latter may remain suspended for some time without interrupting the course of life and the circulation of the fluids. This is witnessed in frogs, salamanders, and marine tortoises, which dive under water, or bury themselves in mud for entire days. The colder the atmosphere is, the longer these animals can subsist under water, without having occasion to respire the air, and without perishing, for they are then in a state of semi-torpor.”

The sources of the great diversity between the powers and acuteness (if such a word be applicable) of reptiles is stated with equal simplicity; so that the extreme limits of variation may be easily ascertained.

“The quantity of respiration in reptiles is not fixed, like that of mammifera and birds, but varies with the proportion which the diameter of the pulmonary artery bears to that of the aorta. Thus tortoises and lizards respire considerably more than frogs, &c. From this proceed differences of energy and sensibility, much greater than can exist between one mammiferous animal and another, or one bird and another.”

The present Number contains the order Chelonina (tortoises), and part of the Sauria (lizards and crocodiles). The former division is enlivened by a very interesting account of the establishments for breeding turtle, in the West Indies; but we cannot understand why the writer should suppose that such depôts will lead to the destruction of these animals. Though civic banquets may at present consume more than can be reared in the turtle-ground, and consequently cause these establishments to be rather feeding-stores than breeding-places, the opportunities they afford of closely observing the animal's habits and economy, must eventually lead to the formation of a good system for their regular production, and thus ensure the continued glory of civic dinners, and the luxurious gratification of gourmands.

*The Revolt of the Angels; and the Fall from Paradise, an Epic Drama.* By Edmund Reade. 8vo. pp. 204. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

ON the appearance of Mr. Reade's *Cain*, we expressed the opinion we still hold, that, whether we considered the creative imagination it displayed, or the originality of thought it evinced, *Cain* was the work of no ordinary mind, and of no ordinary promise. Mr. Reade is a writer whom we would so much sooner encourage than depress, that we feel both reluctance and regret to say that the production now before us does not realise our anticipation. In plan it is extravagant—an extravagance which shocks the more from opposition to all our old beliefs. We acquit Mr. Reade of intentional irreligion; but the pages before us shew to what lengths a favourite theory and unbridled fancy are apt to betray a writer. We are willing to allow all possible license to poetry, but it is carrying this license a little too far when, making Scripture its foundation, it takes upon itself to give an entirely new version of all we have been accustomed to hold true and sacred. Lucifer is here represented as creating Adam in defiance of the

Almighty; while Eve, the work of God himself, is the sinned against, not the sinning. The author calls this originality: we are more tempted to consider it impiety. If an author says this is but a fable, treat it as such—we would not wish to judge him by other than his own rules; but when a poem, professing to take a serious and religious stand, and intending to “justify the ways of God to man” (the motto in the title-page), begins by altering the history of God’s own written word, we must beg leave to object to this new edition of Genesis altered and corrected.

Vague, unsatisfactory, and deficient in human interest, we do not think the *Revolt of the Angels* either merits or is calculated for popularity; and it is nonsense for a poet to talk of the “chosen few:” his appeal is to the many, to the general and extended sympathies of the human race. It appears to us that Mr. Reade’s studies are not of a nature to make a great or an English poet; his mind seems imbued with that wild, German school of mystical metaphysics whose aim is the impossible, and which, while endeavouring to raise the great curtain of mystery, utterly neglects the beauty and the truth which lie before it—accessible, and therefore delightful to all. Mr. Reade has great imagination, let him give it more wholesome food than these vague and vain reveries; let him leave the origin of good and evil to its own impenetrable obscurity, and content himself with painting their human developments. Though, as a whole, we cannot either admire or approve of this *Revolt of the Angels*, it has many favourite passages, which lead us to hope much still from their author. We extract the following chorus after the creation of Eve:

“It is done, the work is done  
Lo, thou hast created one  
That on yon new world shall prove  
How vain is knowledge poised ‘gainst love.  
And the opposer there shall own,  
Baffled, in his wiles o’erthrown,  
How strong the weakest thing can be  
With one spark of faith from Thee.  
In her thou to man hast given  
A ray to lead him to thy heaven!  
To purify from human clay  
Dust and selfishness away!  
A resting-place for his warm heart  
To lean on, when all else departs.  
When the hopes he trusted in,  
Man’s brief breath of praise to win,  
By deed or thought that, good or ill,  
Owes to its pride its impulse still,  
Are all blighted, crush’d, and fled,  
Then those hopes once cherished,  
He brings back broken to her breast,  
To be renewed or still’d to rest!  
Yea, though he doth kneel to her,  
He is not idolater!  
For her heart is the pure shrine  
That will lead him back to thine.  
As the flame that points above,  
Earthly leads to heavenly love;  
For ‘tis but an overflowing  
Of the soul’s deep joy, bestowing  
Its fond transports on the thing  
Of its hope’s imaginings,  
Till that hope doth higher tend,  
Centering to its deathless end!  
She his parent, guide shall be  
Through his helpless infancy;  
And still watch him when she is  
Forgotten, and he in restlessness,  
Tolling through the world to find  
That bliss which dwells but in the mind!  
But upon his dying bed  
She shall bend her patient head,  
Forgive her wrongs, and close his eyeballs dim:  
Sole earthly minister ‘twixt God and him!”

A speech of Eve’s, too, is full of poetical feeling, though strange in rhythmical construction.

“Oh yes! there are longings in our human nature  
Which not even human love can satisfy!  
I know it, I have dwelt on them in secret,  
Unknown to thee: for how can love breathe aught  
To sadden what it loves? I have watched the stars,  
The setting sun, that looks like the abode  
Of glorious spirits, the earth crowned with flowers  
Happy and young, the woods and voiceful streams,

And the blue sky enfolding, hallowing all!  
And when my heart yearned towards them lovingly,  
A voice hath come, a warning to me,  
Not thus to set my heart upon them, knowing  
That I must leave them, and they flourish on.  
And then I wept, and blessed them; for though I  
Died, yet I felt they would live on immortal,  
And bloom thus after, making others happy!  
So was my joy still touched by a shade of sorrow!  
And oh, pang deeper yet! when I have heard  
Thy voice, thy gentlest voice breathe in my ear  
Sounds of deep tenderness—when I have seen  
Thy full eyes speaking back their love to mine,  
Even in those blessed moments, I have felt  
Inly, and oh, how deeply! I have felt  
That we must part: that the dread day must come  
When thou and I shall see each other no more!  
When our two hearts, that now swell on with rapture,  
As if they should live thus entwined for ever,  
And ask no heaven beyond their human love,  
Shall coldly wither to dusty nothingness!”

The minor poems are very inferior: we cannot agree in the estimate your author has formed of his friend’s accompanying productions.

*The Book of Scotland.* By William Chambers. 8vo. pp. 532. Edinburgh, Buchanan & Hunter: London, Longman and Co. 1830.

By great industry and research Mr. Chambers has here produced what may be truly esteemed as *The Book of Scotland*; for it contains very clear and satisfactory accounts of the past and present state of that ancient kingdom—its political institutions, its municipal regulations, its church, its law establishments, its universities and other sources of education, its burghs, its public charities, its arts, its banks, and many of its customs. Some topics are, perhaps, more slightly touched upon than we could wish, and some of considerable interest are altogether omitted; but the volume is already one of thick and massive form, and to have “dilated” upon other subjects must have swollen it into at least a second of equal bulk. Therefore must we be contented with the quantity of excellent information which we have got; and signify our hope that by meeting with the encouragement his meritorious labours deserve, the author will be induced to enlighten us more at large, hereafter, respecting the general literature, the scientific bodies, the periodical press, the manufactures, and other matters which concern and characterise the country. The *Picture of Scotland*, indeed, may be considered as effecting this purpose in a great measure; and Mr. C. tells us, in his preface: “While that publication adheres principally to a description of things of a tangible nature, the present may be best depicted as an attempt to expose the mechanism regulating society in its public relations. In other words, while the one presents a luminous picture of the *body* of the country, the other aspires to exhibit the *soul* with which it has been endowed.”

Chamberlayne’s *Magna Britannia Notitia*, published above seventy years ago, is referred to as the only preceding work similar to that now before us; and the author justly claims our award of praise for the diligence with which he has endeavoured to fulfil his thus almost original, and certainly very extensive, task. Of the way in which he has acquitted himself, the following extracts will afford a fair criterion; and at the same time illustrate a few of the features which, like their high cheek-bones, distinguish our northern neighbours.

In olden days there was a custom which might be revived with much effect, of course with such alterations as modern manners might suggest—we allude to the formal opening of parliaments; and we are sure all London would delight to see such a sight on the 26th of October next.

“At the opening of the regularly constituted parliaments, there was practised a public cere-

monial of a very imposing character, which was the delight of the lower and middling ranks of society; and the want of which after the union, was a matter of serious regret to many of the trades in the city. This ceremony was called ‘the riding of the parliament,’ a pageant which still forms the subject of legendary reminiscence. It was enacted, in a style of extraordinary splendour in the reign of Charles the First, when that unfortunate monarch was on a visit to the Scottish metropolis. The procession took place in this manner:—the whole of the members belonging to each of the estates, according to prescribed usage, met at the palace of Holyroodhouse, in order to wait on the king, and afterwards convey him in honourable procession to the parliament house. Each was dressed in his appropriate official robes, and mounted on horseback, with a serving man on foot, leading the richly caparisoned animal by the bridle-reins. After being drawn up in the palace yard, according to the etiquette of the period, by the Lord Lyon, King at Arms, and his subalterns or marischal’s men, they proceeded, in a slow and solemn cavalcade, accompanied with the clanging music of kettle-drums and trumpets, along the ascending narrow line of street, towards the place of meeting. A distinguished military officer and a party of soldiers led the van, who were succeeded by the commissioners of burghs and shires, two and two. Next came the barons, after whom the peerage in the same manner, according to priority of rank and title. The Lord Lyon, with his pursuivants, heralds, and trumpeters, preceded the crown, sceptre, and sword of state, carried by the proper officers.

“On prancing steeds they forward press’d,  
With scarlet mantle, azure vest;  
Each at his trump a banner bore,  
Which Scotland’s royal scutcheon bore:  
Heralds and pursuivants, by name,  
Bute, Islay, Marchmont, Rothesay, came,  
In painted tabards, proudly shewing,  
Gules, argent, or, and azure glowing,  
Attendant on a king at arms;  
Whose hand the armorial truncheon held,  
That feudal strife had often quell’d,  
When wildest its alarms.”

After these came the king, supported by several young pages of noble family, and his guards. The procession closed with the chamberlain, master of the horse, and other officers of state. On arriving at the parliament square, or close, as it was called up to a recent period, the party dismounted, and, in a particular order, entered the house. After the king was duly placed in the throne, prayer was said, and the roll called by the lord clerk register, after which the estates proceeded to some preliminary business. A speech from the chancellor closed the proceedings that took place; and after a sermon was delivered by some favourite preacher, the house rose, and the members again remounting their steeds, which were carefully ranked up in the square, the procession returned in much the same manner to Holyroodhouse.

The Scottish parliament, when thus met, set about the national affairs, somewhat in a fashion which was proposed as a novel reform in our House of Commons last session, when, oppressed with talk, it could not get through business, and it was suggested that committees should be appointed to relieve the weight of real parliamentary pressure, while the rest of the members debated the questions.\* In Scotland—

“Under the pretence or belief, that the unwieldiness of a body composed of three hundred members, was inimical to the furtherance of

\* It was an improvement upon this, and a still never plan of reform—that there should be two houses, one to talk, and the other to do the business.

public business, or the quick progress of petty bills, it was the business of the estates, on the first or second day of their meeting, to choose a committee composed of delegates from the different ranks in the house, designated the Lords of the Articles. This body of members, which formed the real acting parliament, amounted generally in number to twenty-seven members, which number was divided into three distinct committees of nine. Each committee of nine was again composed of three peers, three bishops or lesser barons, and three commoners. The authority which was conferred upon these lords of the articles, was of the most important character; but each division of the triune body had assigned to it particular duties. The first was invested with the most unlimited authority regarding the admission of public or private bills into the house, which it could either permit to enter or totally reject. The second committee had deputed to it the powers of the estates, with respect to the trial of criminals. The third committee acted as a court in civil cases.

"As most of the lords either secretly owed their elevation to the court, or had held out to them the prospect of preferment on furthering the views of the privy council, the committee acted as a barrier to all free discussion or liberal policy. This form of process in regard to the passing of bills through the Scottish estates, was possibly one of the most effectual systems ever established by a government pretending to be formed upon the representative system, for smothering the voice of the nation, and reducing the parliament to a mere cabinet council. Immediately after the Revolution in 1690, the Lords of the Articles and their mischievous powers were abrogated. It may be mentioned, that, during the civil wars, there was always a standing committee of parliament, which, like the staff of a regiment, remained on duty during the recesses, and on emergencies had the power of calling up the members."

We manage things better now! but truly there was not so huge a fund to plunder from, after all, in those times; and it may be allowed, that for the nibblings of such candle-ends and cheese-parings, the machinery was sufficient; for previous to the Union, the revenue of Scotland was only 110,694*l.*; a sum, too, at least "a third higher than that which half a century before that period had been raised by the state: but the revenue, great as it appeared to the Scotch, was considered by the English as far too mean to entitle it to rank with their highly taxed country; an additional impost of 49,306*l.* was thereupon imposed—thus causing the total revenue to be exactly 160,000*l.*" The wonderful increase of the revenue since that period is a luminous indication of the benefits which have flowed from the measure. In the year 1813 "it had risen to 4,843,229*l.* 12*s.* 11*d.*; from which, if we deduct the expense of management and the moneys paid as drawbacks, jointly amounting to 639,132*l.* 5*s.* 2*d.*, the net revenue contributed to the treasury will be 4,204,097*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.*, being an increase of 4,044,097*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.* since the Union. It is impossible to mention the actual revenue in the present or recent years; as by some new arrangements a great proportion of the taxes are now sent direct from the collectors to the treasury, instead of passing, as formerly, through the Scottish Exchequer. The expense of management in Scotland, as it is now constituted, must be on an extremely moderate scale, and can only consist in the payment of collectors and other civil officers. Since the proclamation of peace in 1815, ex-

cept during the riotous proceedings in the west in 1819, there has not occurred the slightest necessity for the interference of military of any kind in preserving the peace of the country. On an average, since the first-mentioned period, there have been maintained in Scotland 1500 troops; but they are literally of no use whatever—for the civil power is sufficiently competent to quell all disturbances; and therefore they can only be esteemed serviceable in so far as they preserve the forts and barracks from falling into an unprofitable state of decay."

Of the very important point, of the liberty enjoyed by the people, Mr. Chambers takes a striking view.

"At present (he observes), notwithstanding of their strong love of nationality, they scarcely observe that it has evidently for many years been the intention of the government to impair their separate institutions, and reduce the country to the character of an English province. It hardly requires to be noticed, that owing to the complete want of sympathy between the Scottish members of parliament and the people, to whom they ought to be protectors, they do not feel inclined, in opposition to the will of ministers, to retard voluntarily this march of Anglicism. Although many improvements have been effected, it can admit of no question, that the civil liberties of Scotland are still of a much lower tone than those of England. We are aware that this will hardly be allowed by our countrymen; but a studious examination of the representative system, and some of those institutions immediately to be described, is only required to place it beyond the possibility of a doubt. The Scotch, it may be said without partiality, in the same ratio enjoy fully less freedom of action in religious matters than the English; a circumstance which will not have escaped the notice of all who are any way intimate with the manners of the two countries. Although the Kirk of Scotland has long since dropped all interference in the general affairs of the country, still it has left among the people a species of terror of its authority, which has not been meliorated by subsequent events. In some parts of the country its ministers still subject the inhabitants to a personal scrutiny of an inquisitorial nature, which is neither experienced, nor would be permitted by the English. Free religious discussion is likewise at a far lower ebb in Scotland than in England; and it is very seldom that writers can be found so daring as to attack boldly either the governmental or doctrinal positions taken up by the kirk, or scrutinise severely the practices of its clergy. Not but that such might be done with perfect impunity; but the singular national idiosyncrasy above commented on, hangs about the people in religious as well as civil matters, whereby very fallacious propositions have been suffered to remain unchallenged ever since the turbulence of Melville introduced the system of religion into Scotland which at present exists. While the Church of England in no case interferes with the domestic privacy of the people, and may be characterised as the most liberal communion in the great Christian family, it has for centuries been subjected to the most merciless and malicious criticisms, without bestirring itself either to notice or punish those who were discontented with its government, or who endeavoured so openly to bring its cautions into contempt. The calm, dignified bearing of the Church of England in the midst of a thousand daily attacks, and the extreme touchiness of the Kirk of Scotland and its adherents, present a wide field for discus-

sion, in comparing and judging of the degree of liberty of thought and action separately enjoyed in the nineteenth century by the English and the Scotch.

"There are sixty-six royal burghs in Scotland returning members to parliament; but it must be comprehended that these by no means form the bulk of the Scottish towns; for upon an average there are precisely two for every county, which besides contain many thriving populous towns and villages, possessing no elective franchise, or any privilege whatever. The royal burghs of Scotland are, in many instances, those towns which, having existed longest, and outlived the moving causes of their creation, stand as monuments to the passing traveller of the old and feeble constitution of the nation. Being placed under the control of a cramping and searing authority, unchanging in its features, they remain to this hour—except where some great energetic and neutral [query?] principle has been brought into active operation—in nearly the same stagnating and unimproved condition which distinguished them fifty, an hundred, or five hundred years since. Situated in immediate contiguity with other prosperous towns, divested of the same peculiarities of internal government, they have been left far behind in the race of common improvement, and have apparently settled themselves down in a hopeless state of decay. In travelling athwart this northern kingdom, the stranger will hardly fail to be amused in marking the distinctive peculiarities of many of those antequely fashioned country towns. They are easily to be distinguished by their long, and almost empty single street; their total absence of trade and commercial bustle; the stealthy and demure pace of their few inhabitants; their starting silence; the continual presence on the causeway of two or three of the *conscripti patres* of the place in close confidential discussion upon 'town matters;' by a fragile and impure gaol; and, if the place be maritime, by the choked-up harbour, full of sludge and decayed boats, and altogether oblivious of 'shipping' since about the period of the Darien expedition; by the dilapidated pier, patched, mended, and half washed away, yet forming a prolific source of employment to a 'trades' counsellor'; and, above all, by the agonising proximity of some vulgarly wealthy 'port,' blessed by the absence of all civic government, cruelly thriving on the other's ruins, by its foolish unconstitutional admission of vessels at the natural and proper rates. Such the stranger will find to be the prevailing insignia of a great proportion of the Scottish royal burghs."

"The original cause of the institution of corporated bodies of tradesmen, was the creation of warlike bands for the defence of the royal prerogative; a remuneration for burgh services, such as watching and warding; the encouragement of manufactures; and the protection of the public from articles made by ill-educated artisans. But the first of these objects is now entirely forgotten, and the latter, in consequence of the public being sufficient judges of all kinds of work, has ceased to be of any import. As their members have the chartered right of supplying the citizens with certain articles, this monopoly injures the spirit of improvement, and is otherwise mischievous in its effect. It is nevertheless to be remarked, that in cities which have increased in magnitude, these immunities are now of little avail, inasmuch as the corporations are almost completely circumvented by tradesmen without the liberties. The central parts of these towns are



abandoned principally to the lower classes, and they are left in the possession of privileges scarcely worthy of being exercised.”\*

In noticing the Consistory Court, the author quotes the following oath, as a remaining fragment of Catholicism.

“While kneeling, the witness must lay his left hand on an open Bible, and hold up his right. The words he is made to repeat, we believe, are as follow: ‘I hereby renounce all the blessings contained in this Holy Book, and may all the curses therein contained be my portion for ever, if I do not tell the truth; and I swear by Almighty God, as I shall answer to God at the great day of judgment, that I will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so far as I shall know or be asked at me.’”

We purpose, in another paper, to give a few further extracts from this useful and laborious work.

#### *Bernard's Retrospections of the Stage.*

(Third notice.)

ONE cheer more, and we relegate these amusing vagabonds (two volumes) into the wide world, where we have no doubt they will make themselves very generally agreeable.

1786-7. At some amateur theatricals young Lawrence is introduced to us in the following manner:—

“One of the minor characters of this performance was supported by young Lawrence the painter, then about seventeen, who was receiving professional instructions, I believe, from a Mr. Hoare, of Bath. On my first visit to Bath, I became acquainted with his father, who had formerly been an actor, and was then an innkeeper at Devizes. The stage, though a relinquished, was his favourite pursuit, and he came to Bath regularly once a-week to pass an evening in the green-room. Here he recounted his early adventures, in connexion with some member of the company, and criticised actors metropolitan and provincial. I could not learn the measure of his own talents, but he certainly deserved the fame he enjoyed of being a most excellent reader. He had a clear, full voice, and gave to Milton and to Shakspeare all their dignity and tenderness. Ability of any kind is seldom unaccompanied with vanity; it is the shadow which is sure to be produced by the sunshine of public favour. Lawrence not only used to entertain his friends at home (round a snug parlour fire) with his ‘readings,’ but, whenever a new play was announced, would come over to Bath, and proffer his services to the actors, to ‘read their parts;’ a kindness which some who intended to sponge at his house would accept, but others of more dignity declined. The wag of the Bath green-room (as indeed he continued to be) was Jonathan Payne, an actor of the true

Joe Miller order—more famous for the good things he said off the stage than on. Payne, however, was of that particular species of humorist who is fond of a practical joke; and the worthy innkeeper presented a notable means for the exercise of his genius. ‘Rosina’ was to be performed, in which Payne was cast one of the rustics. Meeting Lawrence behind the scenes, he told him that he had to play a new part the next night, and should feel extremely obliged if Mr. Lawrence would read it to him. Lawrence bustled up-stairs to his dressing-room (which was that of a dozen others) with the greatest alacrity, and Payne very gravely handed him the part. Lawrence put on his spectacles, and began to con it over. ‘Act I. Scene I. Enter Rustic, O. P.; at end of the song, exit P. S., with group. Scene II. Enter Rustic, P. S., with haymakers. Exit Rustic, with ditto.—Act II. Enter Rustic, O. P. with rustics,—on till the end.’ Lawrence, reading the above aloud with great deliberation and emphasis, involved himself in a mist of surprise, and his hearers in a roar of laughter. Looking up, he then exclaimed, ‘Read your part, Mr. Payne; I don’t perceive you have a word to say.’ ‘No, sir,’ said Payne; ‘for, if I had, I should not have asked you.’ But Lawrence at this time owed all his notoriety to his son ‘Tom,’ a boy of about nine years of age, who exhibited a wonderful precocity of talent in taking likenesses. His father, however, had taught him to read Shakspeare and Milton with considerable effect, and considered his ability in this respect (since it proceeded from himself) of a much higher order than the former, which was natural. Nevertheless, the distinction between the two was, that as a reader ‘little Tom’ was but little Tom—a very clever child, nine years of age, and, as a sketcher of likenesses, he disclosed the rudiments of the future powers of the President. There was something about little Lawrence, however, which excited the surprise of the most casual observer. He was a perfect man in miniature; his confidence and self-possession smacked of one-and-twenty. Lawrence frequently brought his boy to the green-room, and we would set him on a table, and make him recite ‘Hamlet’s directions to the Players.’ On one of these occasions Henderson was present, and expressed much gratification. The little fellow, in return for our civilities and flatteries, was desirous to take our likenesses the first time we came to Devizes; and Edwin and myself afforded him an opportunity soon after, on one of our non-play-day excursions. After dinner, Lawrence proposed giving us a ‘reading,’ as usual; but Tom reminding him of our promise, we preferred a specimen of his talents, as being the most novel. The young artist collected his materials very quickly, and essayed my visage the first. In about ten minutes, he produced a faithful delineation in crayon, which for many years I kept as a curiosity. He next attempted Edwin’s, who, startled at the boy’s ability, resolved (in his usual way) to perplex him. No man had a more flexible countenance than Edwin; it was not only well featured, but well muscled, if I may be allowed the expression, which enabled him to throw over its surface, as on a moral prism, all the colours of expression, minutely blending, or powerfully contrasting. He accordingly commenced his sitting, by settling his face into a sober and rather serious aspect; and when the young artist had taken its outline and come to the eyes, he began gradually but imperceptibly to extend and change it, raising his brows, compressing his lips, and

widening his mouth, till his face wore the expression of brightness and gaiety. Tom no sooner perceived the change than he started in supreme wonder, attributing it to a defect in his own vision. The first outline was accordingly abandoned, and a second commenced. Tom was now more particular, and watched him narrowly; but Edwin, feature by feature, and muscle by muscle, so completely ran what might have been called the gamut of his countenance, (as the various components of its harmony,) that the boy drew, and rubbed out, till his hand fell by his side, and he stood silently looking in Edwin’s face, to discover, if possible, its true expression. Edwin could not long maintain his composure at this scrutiny, and revealed the hoax with a burst of merriment that mimicked thunder.—Little Tom could not take up Shakspeare or Milton and read at random: he had been instructed in particular speeches, and to those he referred. There was one in Milton (‘Satan’s Address to the Sun’) he had been long wishing to learn; but his father, from an apprehension that his mind was yet unequal to its grasp, had passed it over. Tom had listened, nevertheless, whenever the former read it to a friend, and surprised his father not slightly with the news, that he could imitate him. A family in Devizes, who were well known to Lawrence, giving a party one evening, requested the favour of his son’s company for his readings. Lawrence consented; but on condition that Tom was not requested to select other than his own passages. He then cautioned his boy against attempting any thing in which he was not perfect, and particularly this Address of Satan. In the evening, Tom walked to the house, with Milton and Shakspeare under his arms, and was shewn into the company with the utmost attention. When the complimenting, &c. was over, he was asked what recitation he preferred in Milton. He replied, ‘Satan’s Address to the Sun;’ but that his father would not permit him to give it. For that reason, they were particularly eager to hear it, as they wished to discover whether Tom was a mere parrot or a prodigy. His dutiful scruples, however, were not to be overcome till they had promised to obtain his father’s forgiveness. He then turned to the forbidden page, and a written slip of paper dropped from it. A gentleman picked it up, and read it aloud—‘Tom! mind you don’t touch Satan!’ My reader must conceive the effect which the wording of this caution produced on the hearers. Tom, however, did have dealings with Satan, and handled him, as I was informed, with great discretion. As young Lawrence grew up, his Shaksperian readings, and his frequent visits to the theatre, imbued him with a strong dramatic propensity, and about his sixteenth year\* he had serious intentions of making the stage his profession. I was now in Bath once more, but with a wonderful improvement in my fame and fortunes. No man could be more favourably situated than myself, (combining private with public advantages,) to give advice or assistance to an aspirant; and the young artist needed no introduction in coming to me for both. I heard him recite Jaffier; and though private recitation, I will admit, is at all times an imperfect criterion, I did not perceive, on this occasion, any evidences of talent he could balance against that which was acknowledged in his present pursuit. I desired him, however, to call on me again, and said that, in the interim, I would speak to Mr. Palmer. In the

\* “The metropolitan incorporations are still excessively strict. They have been left the inheritance of that part of the city, now shunned as a residence by all but the lowest and a few of the middle classes; and on this account they are anxious to make the most of their chartered rights. No carpenter or other tradesman is permitted to be called into the ancient city to do even the smallest piece of work, without paying a fine in proportion to the extent of ‘the job.’ Shoes are allowed to be introduced for sale on market and fair days, generally after a certain hour. In some places the hour is one o’clock, which is marked by the ringing of what is called ‘the shoemakers’ bell.’ At one time the corporation of shoemakers of Edinburgh strictly prohibited the introduction of shoes into the town, except on market days, from the little burgh or barony of Portsburgh, unless the unfree artisans of that place conveyed them in to their customers *hid beneath their aprons*. Prior to the Reformation, each of the incorporations had an altar in the church of St. Giles, dedicated to the service of their patron saint, for the expense of which the members were taxed.”

\* The winter, 1785.

interim I met his father, and felt myself bound to disclose what had passed. Lawrence had failed in his business at Devizes, and was looking forward to his son's efforts for support. Knowing from experience the precarious fortunes of an actor, and, by this time, the value of his son's talents, he was necessarily alarmed at my intelligence, and begged I would use all my influence in dissuading him from his design. I knew young Lawrence's filial attachment, (which, among his acquaintance, was indeed proverbial,) and I suggested that the best plan would be, to achieve the desired object by a surprise. I appointed Lawrence, therefore, to come to my house the next morning, about twelve, with some friends, and sent word to his son to meet me there half an hour after. I then went to Mr. Palmer, told him the circumstance, and requested his co-operation. He promised it most freely, and agreed to attend the rendezvous at the time appointed. By half-past twelve, the next day, all the parties were assembled: old Lawrence and his friends, in the back-parlour; young Lawrence, Mr. Palmer, and myself, in the front. The manager was no sooner introduced than, with great adroitness, he desired a specimen of young Lawrence's abilities, and took his seat at one end of the room. I proposed the opening speech between Priuli and Jaffier, and one between Jaffier and Belvidera. We accordingly commenced: (I, Priuli; he, Jaffier;) and he proceeded very perfectly, till, in the well-known speech of 'To me you owe her,' he came to the line,

'I brought her—gave her to your despairing arms;  
Indeed, you thanked me; but—'

but here Jaffier stammered, and became stationary. I held the book, but would not assist him; and he recommenced and stopped, reiterated and hemmed, till his father, who had heard him with growing impatience, could contain his vexation no longer, but, pushing open the door, thrust in his head, and prompted him to the sentence,

—'A nobler gratitude  
Rose in her soul, for from that hour she loved me,  
Till for her life she paid me with herself.'

then added, 'You play Jaffier, Tom! D—m me if they'd suffer you to murder a conspirator!' The whole party now made their appearance, and began to remonstrate; when Mr. Palmer, taking young Lawrence by the hand, assured him, in the most friendly manner, that he would do any thing to serve him; but that it was his conviction the latter did not possess those advantages which would render the stage a safe undertaking. This address did not produce an instantaneous effect. It was obvious that the young artist entertained the reverse opinion: a conversation now ensued, in which I, abusing the life of an actor, and other friends painting the prospects of a painter, young Lawrence at length became convinced; but remarked with a sigh, 'that if he could have gone on the stage, he might have assisted his family much sooner than by his present employments.' My reader can appreciate the affection of this sentiment; but I am unable to describe its delivery, or the effect it took upon every person present. Passing over, therefore, the scene which ensued, I will only add, that young Lawrence went away, renouncing his intentions and retaining his friends. It is certainly one of my pleasantest recollections, that, by thus lending my aid to check this early propensity, (which, if encouraged, must have led to a renouncement of the pencil,) I was an agent, however humble

or indirect, in the furtherance of my worthy friend's ultimate prosperity."

Of Mrs. Hunn, the sketch is no less original and interesting.

1791. "The lady that led our tragic business this summer at Plymouth was my old friend Mrs. Reddish, formerly Mrs. Canning, and now Mrs. Hunn. On the decease of her second husband (the tragedian of Drury Lane), she had married a respectable merchant of Plymouth, and retired from the stage; but the latter gentleman's misfortunes in business threw her again on the profession as her only resource. As an actress, the efforts of Mrs. Hunn were more characterised by judgment than genius; but Nature had gifted her in several respects to sustain the matrons. As a friend and a companion, she possessed all the intelligence, with the accomplishment to be desired in a woman, surrounding her talents with the halo of her becoming principles. It was at all times in her domestic, rather than her public character, that Mrs. Hunn secured the public admiration, and met with a patronage which talent might not have obtained. I had peculiar opportunities of seeing this, as well as of noting her great affection for her children. She had two little girls with her (the Miss Hunns) and a son, George Canning, then at Lincoln's-inn, I believe, preparing for the bar. Upon the latter all her hopes rested for the ultimate recompense of her struggles and disappointments—hopes that were singularly realised. I had the pleasure of reading many of his letters to his mother, in which, describing the progress of his studies and his prospects, the enthusiasm of genius was lost in the glow of filial tenderness: his acquirements and his connexions he valued only as the means of enabling him to provide for a mother who, in his person, had made so many sacrifices to revive the character of his father. These letters were Mrs. Hunn's greatest treasures. She read them going to bed, and carried them in her bosom as amulets against the poison of care or despondency. But Mrs. Hunn was not more distinguished by this maternal affection, than a moral courage and a self-possession which are the usual concomitants of sterner and colder dispositions. Upon this point I can give my reader a remarkable proof. Mrs. H., on reaching Plymouth, applied to me to aid her in procuring lodgings, which she required to be on a respectable but economic scale. The only ones I knew of belonged to Symmonds, our carpenter, which were near the theatre, and possessed many conveniences; but some person having reported that the house contained a lodger already, a perturbed and perambulating spirit, other occupants it had latterly wanted. Symmonds, therefore, offered them to Mrs. Hunn for a nominal rent, if she would be the means of putting to silence this unfounded and ruinous rumour. The latter was happy to take them on such easy terms, and said with a smile, that 'it was not the first time she had been concerned in the 'Haunted House.' On the first evening of her entering these lodgings, after her children were in bed, and the servant was dismissed, she resolved to sit up a few hours, to ascertain whether any sounds or noises were to be heard. What she anticipated in this attempt I cannot say; but it would have been excusable in the wisest of either sex, if in the stillness of that time, and the loneliness of her situation (a book and a pair of candles her only companions), the powers of the imagination received a stimulus to overthrow those of the reason. The carpenter's shop, on the

\* Addison's.

ground-floor, comprehended the width of the house, and was barred and bolted on the inside. As the workmen made their exit at night through a door which opened into the private passage leading to Mrs. Hunn's apartments, this door was usually left on the latch. About half an hour after Mrs. H. sat down to her book (between eleven and twelve), she actually heard a low but quick noise in the room beneath, as if some one had taken up an extra-sized plane and chipped off the entire side of the carpenter's bench. This was the sounding note to the diabolical chorus to follow: the noise ceased, but soon re-commenced, and rose up with an accompaniment of all the tools in the shop,—a loud and vigorous concert of machinery, from the violoncello-movement of the saw, to the life-squeaking rasp of the file, kept in tune by the time-beating thump of a heavy axe. It seemed as if all the deceased artificers of the district had assumed their places at the bench, and were executing a piece of carpentry for his infernal majesty. Mrs. Hunn no sooner received this auricular than she determined to have ocular evidence of the fact. Few women in such a situation would have been troubled with their sex's common feeling (or failing)—curiosity; and fewer would have possessed the courage, equally uncommon, to have attempted its satisfaction. Laying down her book, and taking up a candle, she opened the staircase-door and listened; the sounds were still audible, and proceeding from the same quarter. Taking off her shoes, to prevent the slightest alarm, she lightly and cautiously descended the stairs, and placed her hand upon the latch of the shop-door. She assured me that at this moment she heard the sounds as distinctly as in her own apartment, and felt convinced they were produced by human agency. In a second the latch was lifted, the door thrust open, and her head and candle thrust in;—when, lo! all was still and stationary; not a tool was out of its place, and not a carpenter to be seen, spiritual or material. To be assured of the truth, she even entered the shop, walked round the benches, and examined the fastenings of the doors and windows; every thing appeared in order and security. She then returned to her room, doubting the reality of her recollections, when the sounds re-commenced, and continued for about half an hour, till they ceased altogether: she then retired to rest. The next morning, her impressions of the above were seemingly so monstrous, that she resolved to say nothing till the events of another night either set aside or confirmed them. Between eleven and twelve the same noises occurred, and she repeated her experiment, which resulted in the same manner. The next day the landlord and myself were fully acquainted with the matter, and invited to partake in her conviction. I was willing to take her word, but the carpenter was not—he sat up with her the ensuing evening—heard the sounds, and when Mrs. H. prevailed on him to descend the stairs with her, he was so frightened, that, instead of entering the shop, he ran out of the front-door. Mrs. H. was now given the apartments rent-free, and continued to reside in them throughout the summer; the noises occurred every night for about half an hour, till at length they grew so familiar, that she heard them with indifference. 'Habit,' she said to me, 'is second nature, Mr. Bernard: if I didn't hear the carpenters at work every night, I should begin to fear they were coming up stairs!' These are the facts of this truly singular circumstance; they occurred in the knowledge of a hundred persons besides myself: my reader, upon this

assurance, may account for them as he pleases; all I wish or care to establish is the courageous character of Mrs. Canning."

We find, on looking at our notes, that we must yet give Mr. Bernard another cheer more.

*Constable's Miscellany, Vol. LVIII. Memoirs of Napoleon.* Edinburgh, 1830, Constable and Co.; London, Hurst and Co.

A CONTINUATION (the second volume) of Dr. Memes' valuable translation of Bourrienne: it brings down the history to the date of the coronation at Milan. There is a striking paper in the Appendix—a comparison of Caesar, Cromwell, Monk, and Buonaparte—in which, anticipating the death of the last, the writer exclaims: "The adherents of a degenerate race will uplift their voices against these warnings; will say that they wish neither assemblies nor emperors; that the lawful king is upon our frontiers. The lawful king! Unfortunate France! scarcely escaped from one revolution, do thy sons invoke a new one? Look at England on the return of Charles II. On all sides blood flowing in streams over her land; men of no note—men of reputation—the philosopher and the warrior—fall beneath the sword of vengeance. Look at Naples; hear the sounds of carnage re-echo through her streets, in her palaces, in her public squares; follow in their flight those exiles whom misery and grief bear beyond sea. Such is your lot, if ever the Bourbons re-ascend that throne whence their own vileness hath driven them. You will have a revolution of other ten years—of twenty years perhaps; and to your children will be transmitted civil war as an inheritance. Frenchmen! such are the perils of the country; each day you are in danger of falling again under the domination of assemblies, under the yoke of the 8—, or under that of the Bourbons. Each moment may your tranquillity be snatched away. You sleep upon an abyss! and your sleep is undisturbed! Insensibles!—"

*Antediluvian Sketches, and other Poems.* By R. Howitt. 12mo. pp. 148. London, 1830. Seeley and Sons.

THERE is a great deal of poetical, and also of good kindly feeling, in this little volume,—one whose pages waken almost poetry in ourselves, and of whose merits we feel inclined to speak in smiles; and thus we compare the poet now before us to one of those sweet singing birds which pour forth simple and natural music, redolent of the green leaves and the fresh air. We must own we like the "Antediluvian Sketches" the least in the book: we doubt the advantage of filling up pictures which, though brief, are finished; and it is very difficult to put fitting words into the mouth of Eve, Cain, &c. Let us turn to the pleasant selection of two or three favourites.

*I awake, and am alone.*

"In youth I know a rich old man,  
With riches undefiled;  
In heart as noble as a king,  
In manners like a child.  
Awhile I staid beneath his roof,  
And loved it as my own;  
But from the dream of such a man  
I woke—and was alone.

I fondly thought that worth like his  
Should long and late survive,  
And in the sleep which grief allowed,  
Still deemed he was alive;  
I dreamt he came back from the dead,  
To friends in triumph shewn;  
But from that dream of happiness  
I woke—and was alone.

There was a lady in his hall,  
Not young, nor fair, but kind,  
And I, but one of many, loved  
Her loveliness of mind:

Then dwell she in a distant place  
For years, and died unknown:  
Even when I dreamt of her return  
I woke—and was alone.

Few, very few, I know and prize,  
Of thousands whom I see;  
Yet these, if these might here remain,  
Sufficient were for me.  
Death—death is busied with the few,  
Who are familiar grown:  
That still from life's delightful dreams  
I wake—and am alone."

*To a Group of Children.*

"How glad, how beautiful! you steal  
Our hearts into your play,  
And with a sweet delusion chase  
Life's weariness away.  
We gaze, until we fondly deem  
You thus will ever be,  
A little race, distinct from us,  
From man's disquiet free.

We are not light as playful winds,  
Nor graceful as the flowers;  
And gladness flashes from your eyes,  
Whilst sorrow is in ours.  
Boys! can you ever grow to men,  
War's horrid game to learn?  
Girls! must you lonely women be,  
Their distant doom to mourn?

A blessed life, a blessed lot,  
Should yours be evermore;  
The light which gathers round you now,  
You send far on before.  
Coloured from this your future life  
In fancy is as fair:  
Alas, alas! ye know it not—  
Glad pilgrims unto care."

It is a rare thing to see a whole family so gifted as the family of Howitt; truly their union must be a "musical meeting."

*Aldine Edition of the British Poets.—The Poetical Works of William Collins.* London, 1830. W. Pickering.

OR the technical part of this volume we have only to repeat the praise we have already most cordially given to the preceding volumes of the Aldine edition: the perfection of printing, beautiful paper, a neat engraving whose subject alone would give it interest, works the most valuable in our literature, and every possible information carefully collected respecting the writers: add to all this, a price infinitely lower than what is affixed to the thousand volumes of poetry which every day appear, and are every day forgotten—are we not justified in saying that Mr. Pickering deserves all the patronage public favour can bestow, and in recommending the immediate purchase of these volumes not only to every library, but to every little bookcase, where a few pretty and favourite volumes are a treasury of great enjoyment, amid more active and worldly avocations? Much novelty cannot be expected from a life with whose outline most of our readers are acquainted; but evident industry has been bestowed in collecting every fragment of information. Not very many remarks of his own are introduced by the author of the prefixed biographical sketch, and the few we do find are neither very original nor very true: for example, in a somewhat common-place complaint of the neglect of genius, he asks, "what would be the fate, if they lived in our own times, of Johnson, Pope, Dryden, Addison?" We do not agree with him in supposing it would be neglect; we cannot but think literary merit never was more thoroughly appreciated, or more entirely rewarded, than in the present day. An author whose works do not succeed in attracting attention, may lay the flattering unction to his soul, that it is the want of public taste, and not his want of merit; but we must say, the unction would indeed be a flattering one. We must not forget to mention, that a very elegant essay, by Sir Egerton Brydges, is also affixed to these poems.

*The New Wonderful Magazine and Miscellany of Extraordinary Productions, Events, and Occurrences, in Providence, Nature, and Art. Parts I. II. and III.* pp. 144. G. Smeeton. London, 1830. G. Purkis.

A VERY small publication indeed, published in penny Nos., three making a Part: yet is the selection of curious matters, consistent with the title, good; and the original notices worthy of even more commendation. We should mention that there are prints with every No.; and the Canadian Giant, who has just left Bond Street, and Boai the Chin-chopper (for our name has been generally adopted), are very clever specimens for a work of this class.

*The Child's own Book, illustrated with nearly 300 Engravings by eminent Artists.* pp. 630. London, 1830. Alfred Miller; Edinburgh, Constable; Dublin, Milliken.

IS the solid tread of the march of intellect to be heard in vain? Is the reign of utility over; and are fancy, imagination, and fable, again to be admitted into the nursery, that we should be startled with the name of the *Child's own Book*, applied to a selection of fairy tales, and all the olden ornaments of the play-ground? Such is the case before us: we have here, in the form of a pocket-dictionary, some fifty of the productions which delighted the early days of our papas and mammas (not to speak of our own), before mankind became so wise as to think every trifling a serious fault, and to hold every indulgence in abhorrence. It is not ours to decide the quarrel between the *utile* and the *dulce*; we have, certes, no objection to the former; but we do wish that, instead of being proscribed, the world would allow itself a little more of the latter. Of this volume, all that need be stated is, that the embellishments are very characteristic and well executed,—a perfect treasure for little folks;—and that the letter-press which they illustrate are the familiar stories of Aladdin, the Forty Thieves, Beauty and the Beast, the Children in the Wood, Cinderella, Goody Two-shoes, Fortunatus, Hop o' my Thumb, Gulliver's Lilliput, King Pippin, Puss in Boots, Philip Quarll, Robin Hood, Seven Champions, Yellow Dwarf, Valentine and Orson, Whittington and his Cat, and many more of a similar kind. Some juvenile poetry is also to be found; and the whole, done under a female eye, is carefully freed from aught that could offend the delicacy so desirable in childhood. Taken altogether, the *Child's own Book* is the best and most captivating collection of infant mythology and light reading which we have seen.

*The Cabinet Album; a Collection of Original and Selected Literature.* Pp. 376. London, 1830. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

A DISHONEST appropriation of the labours of others; a species of literary piracy, which presses heavily on an author, who sees another person benefit by his industry and celebrity; whose only title is that of impudent robbery. The preface to this volume is a happy mixture of folly and arrogance. The "collector" takes works, poems, tales, &c. already stamped with public approbation, bearing the first-rate names in our literature, and then "hopes if there is not much to praise, little may be found to censure." Truly the authors whose efforts this modest editor has so unceremoniously appropriated, are much indebted for "his hopes!"



## THE FRIENDS' EPISTLE, 1830.

THE yearly meeting of the Society of Friends in London, whence a short address is issued to the body in general, has lately (see notice in *L. G.* of last year) led to these epistles being printed by Howlett and Brimmer in a variety of beautiful forms, such as gold letters on purple and white, or silver letters on crimson. We have not before seen so fine a specimen of the art as that of the gold printing on the white paper. With regard to the subject-matter, it is calm and Christian-like; mentions a separation from the Society in America; and states the charges of the year at above £14,000. The principal moral exhortations are for the mitigation of the criminal code, the abolition of slavery, and the more moderate use of ardent spirits.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## ASTRONOMY.

## Lunar Eclipse of the 2d of September last.—

The unfavourable state of the atmosphere during the late lunar eclipse furnishes another mortifying instance of our fickle climate. Eclipses of the moon have of late years been particularly baffling, at least this has been the case in the neighbourhood of the metropolis;—the lunar eclipse of the 14th November, 1826, was hidden by dark heavy clouds, which did not allow a momentary glance; the one that occurred Nov. 3, 1827, was concealed by an impenetrable mist, excepting for a very short time before its termination; the eclipse on the morning of the 13th of Sept. of last year, was also unseen, though the bright luminary had travelled through an unclouded sky, from its rising to its passage of the meridian, and thence down the steep of heaven, till the moment of its entering the earth's shadow, when, at the very commencement, the moon was received into a dense bank of clouds which hung over the western horizon. The evening preceding the recent eclipse, the heavens were remarkably clear; the moon appeared as if shining from the pure skies of Italy, and afforded the fairest prospect of the succeeding night being as propitious as the most sanguine astronomer could desire. At the anticipated time (at Deptford) the moon was, from the commencement of the eclipse till its conclusion, either entirely invisible, or seen only at intervals: "like angel-visits, few and far between," even these glimpses were very imperfect, as not for a moment did the moon appear on the dark blue sky. The only observation made was at 10<sup>h</sup> 15<sup>m</sup>; at which time a portion of the western limb of the moon was distinctly seen to be illuminated—27<sup>h</sup> 1<sup>m</sup> after the time predicted for the beginning of total darkness.

It might perhaps be wished by some, that a darker curtain than the fleecy screen that veiled the phenomenon had been drawn over the whole scene, and hidden from view that orb which is emphatically called "the faithful witness in heaven," and which on this occasion bore ample testimony to the variation between astronomical prediction and its fulfilment: it is, however, due to the Nautical Almanac, and other British astronomical works of a similar nature, to state that the times of the phenomena of this eclipse as given by them, agree nearly with those in the *Connaissance des Temps* and *Encke's Berlin Ephemeris*, both of which are deservedly held in the highest estimation. The following will shew the slight variation which exists between each; the difference of longitude in time between Greenwich and the Royal Observatory at Paris having been taken

as 91<sup>m</sup> (9<sup>m</sup> 22<sup>s</sup>), and that of Greenwich and Berlin 53<sup>m</sup> (53<sup>m</sup> 31<sup>s</sup>):—

	Nautical Almanac.	Connaissance des Temps.	Encke's Berl. Ephem. Reduced to Greenwich time.
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Beginning of the eclipse	8 50	8 49 <sup>h</sup>	8 49 <sup>h</sup>
Begin. of total darkness	9 47 <sup>h</sup>	9 49 <sup>h</sup>	9 47 <sup>h</sup>
Middle of total darkness	10 38	10 38	10 37 <sup>h</sup>
End of total darkness	11 26 <sup>h</sup>	11 26 <sup>h</sup>	11 26 <sup>h</sup>
End of the eclipse	12 25	12 25 <sup>h</sup>	12 25 <sup>h</sup>

Deptford.

J. T. B.

## MOLECULES.

Dr. SCHULTZE, of Carlsruhe, has published a pamphlet containing a detail of observations made by the microscope in investigating the accuracy of Mr. Robert Brown's statement—"that all bodies, organised or unorganised, contain animated particles, having a motion peculiar to themselves; which particles in all bodies are of the same form and size, and have the same motion." Dr. Schultze has arrived at results quite opposite to those of Mr. Brown. He maintains—first, that the motion of the molecules is by no means spontaneous, but is owing to the evaporation of the liquid, and to the imbibition, or to the dissolution of the particles. If they are placed in a liquid which evaporates with difficulty—in oil, for instance—the motion ceases; while it is greatly accelerated in alcohol and ether. By attentively studying these motions, Dr. Schultze has been enabled to distinguish three kinds, arising from three different causes—the first, ascent or descent, produced by the evaporation of the liquid; the second, oscillation, (similar to the supination and pronation of the hand), produced by the successive imbibition of the particles; the third, rotation, produced by the dissolution of the particles in the liquid. 2dly, that, Mr. Brown having advanced that the same particles which he has perceived in the pollen of plants also appear as elementary molecules in all the organs of animals and vegetables, and are the same as those described by Buffon, Needham, Wrisberg, Müller, and Edwards,—Dr. Schultze denies the truth of the proposition as it respects organic particles. They differ in form and size, according to the animals, and according to the organs. And the reasoning upon this accords with the facts. For what explanation of the different vital phenomena could we hope to obtain, if these opinions of a complete similarity among all the elementary parts of organised bodies were confirmed by observation? As for the texture of inorganic bodies, in which Mr. Brown professes to have found these molecules as elementary parts, it appears to Dr. Schultze that they are the product of art, and that any degree of size that one chooses may be given them by pulverisation.

There certainly seems reason to believe that, whatever may be the power of our magnifying glasses, we are far from having yet reached the limits at which nature commences her operations.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

WE understand that Sir William Ouseley is preparing for private circulation a catalogue of his manuscripts, in the Persian, Arabic, and other Eastern languages; the number of articles amounting nearly to six hundred: among which are several splendidly illuminated and adorned with paintings; other works of considerable antiquity, and many of the utmost rarity, and on the most interesting subjects. For some of the volumes, singly, the price paid

by former proprietors was equal to fifty, sixty, and even ninety guineas. The importance of this magnificent collection has been known for some years, in consequence of the quotations from various manuscripts given by Sir William Ouseley in the account of his travels; and overtures for the purchase of it have been made by the agents of a continental sovereign; and, more lately, by an English gentleman, desirous of adding these Eastern treasures to his library, which is already one of the most valuable and curious in this country. We trust, however, that, in the first instance, Sir William may offer his collection to some of our great national or academic institutions. We have suffered too many treasures of this description to escape from England, the richest country in the world, but unfortunately destitute of any distinct and sufficient public organ to supply what individual spirit may leave unperformed in regard to such national objects.

## THE BYZANTINE HISTORIANS.

THE edition of the Byzantine Historians, publishing at Rome, under the superintendence of M. Niebuhr, goes on rapidly. A new volume has just appeared; containing Dexippus, Eunapius, Petrus Patricius, Priscus, Malchus, Menander, Olympiodorus, Nonnosus, Candid, and Theophanus; and concluding with the panegyrics of Procopius and Priscian. In the preface are some notices of the different historians above-mentioned. Dexippus was equally distinguished as an orator and a historian, and the Athenians erected a statue to him. Military glory also ornamented his career; for he defeated the Heruli, who attacked Athens, and killed three thousand of them. He lived until the reign of Probus. The fragments which remain of him relate to the Scythian war, and to the affairs of Macedonia. Photius speaks highly of his style. Eunapius was born at Sardes in 347, and continued Dexippus's history. It appears by Photius, that he carried it to 404, the year of St. Jerome's banishment. To these historians, as also to Menander, have been united some fragments, discovered in the Vatican by the Abbé Mai. Petrus, born in Thessalonica, distinguished himself at Constantinople in the art of speaking. Justinian entrusted to him several important missions; in the execution of one of which he fell into the power of the King of the Goths, at Ravenna, and remained a prisoner for three years. After having concluded several treaties with the Persians, he finished his long and brilliant career; leaving a son, who followed his steps. Petrus wrote history, but it would be difficult to say where he began. It is presumed that he stopped where Eunapius commenced. Priscus of Thrace wrote eight books on Attila. Neither is it known of him what was the commencement of his history; all that has been remarked is, that he is not cited for any event anterior to 433; and there is reason to believe that he finished at 474, the year at which the history of Malchus commences. The latter, born at Philadelphia, in Palestine, carried on at Constantinople the profession of a sophist. He continued Priscus until the year 480, the epoch of the death of the Emperor Leo. His work contains seven books, and comprehends seven years. As for Menander, he continued the history of Agathios, from the invasion of the Huns, repelled by Belisarius in 558, to the end of Tiberius in 582. Of Olympiodorus, Candid, Nonnosus, and Theophanus, all that is known is the little communicated to us by Photius.

## FINE ARTS.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities. Illustrated by a Series of Engravings of Ancient Buildings, Street Scenery, &c. with Historical and Descriptive Accounts of each Subject.* By John Britton, F.S.A., M.R.S.L., &c. London, 1830. Longman and Co.

WE have repeatedly mentioned this valuable and beautiful publication during its progress. It is now completed, and assumes the appearance of an exceedingly handsome volume; of which it has, with perfect justice, been said, that, "executed at an expense of nearly three thousand pounds, and containing, as it does, such a Series of Illustrations of the Architectural Antiquities of English Cities, drawn and engraved in a style surpassing all preceding specimens, it claims the especial attention of the antiquary, topographer, and artist; and challenges comparison with the very finest works of continental embellishment and literature." As a specimen of Mr. Britton's extent and variety of research, and of the perspicuous and happy manner in which he treats his subject, we will transcribe the commencement of his description of the Picturesque Antiquities of Salisbury.

"The city of New Sarum, or Salisbury, unlike most other English towns, has its origin well defined, and its prominent historic annals duly recorded. Though not honoured with a local historian, there are many scattered evidences of its foundation, rise, and general characteristics. It has nothing Roman, Saxon, or even Norman, in its early annals; and is therefore contra-distinguished from every other city of the kingdom. Of truly English origin, of unprecedented uniformity in plan and arrangement of parts, with a provision for cleanliness and healthfulness, Salisbury may be considered as peculiarly indigenous, unique, and admirable. While every other city of England has, or had its castle, and claims either a Roman or Saxon origin, we know that New Sarum was commenced under the auspices of a bishop, that it grew up under ecclesiastical, not baronial, power and protection, and that though it was surrounded by fortified walls, it never had a monarchical or baronial fortress. The prefix, *New*, shews that there was an anterior Sarum, which obtained the name of old, when a younger, and a new town was established. Old Sarum, about one mile north of the modern city, was probably at first a British town, and evidently a Roman station and fortress. It subsequently became a seat of Saxon monarchs, and of national councils—a place of sieges and conflicts by the Danes—the see of a bishop, with his chapter; and lastly, at this city, William the Conqueror 'summoned all the estates of England and Normandy to swear allegiance to him, and to introduce one of the most remarkable changes that ever happened' in the English constitution—the establishment of the feudal system. In consequence of disputes, 'of brawles, and sadde blowes,' as Holinshed states, between the clergy and the castillans, or men of war, the bishop and his associates removed their residences to a fertile valley, at the junction of two rivers. There they built houses, and commenced the present magnificent cathedral in the year 1220. A very interesting account of this ceremony, as well as of previous transactions at the old, and others at the new city, were recorded by William de Wanda, the first dean of the church, who lived at the time. From a passage in this record, it is evident

that Salisbury was advanced in buildings and population at that time; for Henry de Bishopston is mentioned as 'governor of the schools in the city of Salisbury.' In October, 1225, an immense concourse of people assembled at the new city, to dedicate three altars in the cathedral, and the bishop entertained several archbishops, bishops, barons, &c. at his palace. At this time the king had a palace at Clarendon, in the vicinity of Salisbury. A fair of eight days' continuance was granted to the church, with a weekly market, and other privileges, by a charter from King Henry the Third, in the eleventh year of his reign, who therein states that he laid the first stone of the cathedral. 'At this period an arrangement was made relative to the disposition of the buildings in the new city. The ground was divided into spaces, or portions, each containing seven perches in length, and three in breadth; and these were again subdivided for the advantage of settlers.' Such was the origin and first establishment of Salisbury; and that it was systematically laid out, and regularly built, may be inferred from the present arrangement of its streets. Differences and contentions, however, arose between the citizens and the prelate; the latter having paramount authority, and the former fancying that they could live and prosper better without ecclesiastical protection or influence. A year's trial convinced them of their error, and they again sought the aid, and became subject to the bishop. In the time of Edward the Second, about 1315, they obtained a license to fortify their city with a rampart and ditch; and from remains of walls, &c. which were standing about half a century back, it is evident that Salisbury was nearly of the same extent at the commencement of the fourteenth century as at the end of the eighteenth."

Of the plates in the earlier portion of the publication we have already spoken. Those in the sixth and closing number are equal, if not superior to their predecessors. Among the most striking are, "The New Inn, Gloucester;" "The Market-Cross, Chichester;" "The Market-Place, with Old Conduit, Wells;" "Apartment in the Palace, Wells;" "The Chapel, &c. in the Vicar's Close, Wells;" "The Ruins in the Bishop's Garden, Norwich;" "The View in Redcliffe Street, Bristol;" and "The Blackfriar's Pulpit, Hereford."

It is deeply to be regretted that Mr. Britton has not been induced to proceed further with so interesting a work, and to apply the same taste and talent to the "ancient castles, monastic edifices, churches, chapels, and mansions, of almost endless diversity, beauty, and grandeur," which still remain unillustrated. The following passage, however, in the "Introduction" to the volume, accounts sufficiently, but painfully, for the discontinuance of his undertaking:

"With the present work, and 'the Cathedral Antiquities,' now in progress, I propose to terminate my topographical labours; but hope to see the subject taken up by some other person equally zealous in the cause, and better qualified to do it justice. It will further augment my pleasure, to find the public come forward liberally and promptly to patronise such works. If the government of the country, and some of the public institutions which were founded for the encouragement of learning and talent, were to appropriate only a very small portion of their respective funds to reward authors and artists for their labours and expenditure, in bringing forward publications of

sterling worth and merit, it would soon be found that there would neither be a lack of talent, nor of industry. Unfortunately for the literary character, and even for booksellers, the sources now referred to, instead of fostering and encouraging fine and expensive books, levy a tax upon them by the imperious impost of eleven copies. The author of the present volume has been compelled to give—to offer up at the shrine of injustice and extortion—no less than twelve hundred pounds worth of his own publications, in the execution of which above FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS have been expended in paying artists, stationers, printers, binders, &c.; and nearly two thousand pounds more in government duties and taxes!!!—When will 'literary emancipation' be proclaimed by the English legislature?"

With reference to the last remark, we do most earnestly hope that in the approaching session of Parliament something may be done to diminish this very serious evil. We know that it was one of the liberal and enlightened objects which Mr. Canning had in view, if his valuable life had been prolonged, to attempt to relieve the literature and arts of the country from the heavy burdens by which they are now oppressed.

In the sentiments and wishes with which Mr. Britton concludes his "Introduction," we also cordially concur. They are expressed with a feeling and a force which do him infinite credit.

"After more than thirty years' devotion to the study and illustration of the *Architectural Antiquities of England*, and with an assurance that the subject is replete with amusement on all occasions, and intense interest on many, I will venture to entreat my countrymen, whenever and wherever they have power, to protect the remaining antiquities from further demolition or defacement. Every castle, abbey, cathedral, fine church, and old mansion, is a monument and memento of a former age, and of former persons. They are so many indexes to memorable events, to heroes, statesmen, patriots, and philosophers. Architectural antiquities are objects and evidences of incalculable value and interest; whilst standing—however mutilated—they are indications of the vicissitudes and fluctuations of civilised society: they shew man in his domestic economy, and in his historical relations. The person, therefore, who protects one fine work of antiquity is entitled to the applause of his contemporaries and of posterity; he who destroys, or heedlessly neglects it, deserves the reprobation of the civilised world. As Dr. Stukeley indignantly hung, in graphic effigy, the man who wantonly broke up the vast and wondrous Celtic Temple of Avebury, so every other similar delinquent should be condemned to the literary gibbet. The miserable fanatic who fired York Cathedral is properly incarcerated for life, and thus prevented from doing further public mischief; but there are other fanatics still roaming at large, and permitted to commit devastations on cathedrals and other churches, on castles, old mansions, &c. 'Such men should not be trusted.'"

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE MONKS OF OLD.

By the Author of *Richieu, De l'Orme, &c.*

I ENVY them—those monks of old,—  
Their book they read, and their beads they told;  
To human softness dead and cold,  
And all life's vanity.

They dwell like shadows on the earth,  
Free from the penalties of birth,  
Nor let one feeling venture forth  
But charity.

I envy them: their cloistered hearts  
Knew not the bitter pang that parts  
Beings that all Affection's arts  
Had linked in unity.

The tomb to them was not a place  
To drown the best-loved of their race,  
And blot out each sweet memory's trace  
In dull obscurity:

To them it was the calmest bed  
That rests the aching human head:  
They looked with envy on the dead,  
And not with agony.

No bonds they felt, no ties they broke,  
No music of the heart they woke,  
When one brief moment it had spoke,  
To lose it suddenly.

Peaceful they lived—peaceful they died;  
And those that did their fate abide  
Saw Brothers wither by their side  
In all tranquillity.

They loved not, dreamed not,—for their sphere  
Held not joy's visions; but the tear  
Of broken hope, of anxious fear,  
Was not their misery.

I envy them—those monks of old;  
And when their statues I behold,  
Carved in the marble, calm and cold,  
How true an effigy!

I wish my heart as calm and still  
To beams that fleet, and blasts that chill,  
And pangs that pay joy's spendthrift thrill  
With bitter usury.\*

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### ORIENTAL USAGES AND OPINIONS.

MUSSELMANS prefer fine stones to metal for their seals. Gold, in their opinion, announces the luxury proscribed by Mahomet; and iron is considered by them (but why, nobody knows) a source of impurity and stain. All this, however, does not prevent them from liking to have a great deal of gold coin, or from employing iron in weapons, and in utensils of every description. As for fine stones, they attribute strange virtues to some of them. The ruby, for instance, strengthens the heart, and preserves from the plague and from lightning; the emerald passes for an excellent specific against the bite of vipers; the diamond cures the colic, &c. &c. These ridiculous opinions and prejudices are diffused among all the nations of the East, and form one of a thousand proofs of their profound ignorance. Human figures, or even the figures of animals, are scarcely ever seen on these engraved stones. Mahomet, in imitation of the Jewish legislator, proscribed the representation of all that breathed, of all that had soul. But the Mussulman-artists find means of exhibiting their talent in the ornaments with which they surround the inscriptions in the sometimes rather whimsical embellishments which they adapt to the Arabic letters. They also succeed remarkably well in the representation of plants and flowers, of which the people of the East, as is well known, frame a language as expressive as it is agreeable. The use of seals, rings, and ear-rings, is of the greatest antiquity in the East. The most ancient book in

the Bible proves that, from the time of the patriarchs, the ring was the sign of sovereign power. When Pharaoh delegated to the son of Jacob a large portion of his authority, he placed his ring upon his finger.\* Even at the present day, Mussulmans by no means attach their signatures to the most important instruments so frequently as we do: the impress of their seal is equivalent. Instead of figures of animated beings, or heraldic bearings, seals, and in general all engraved stones in the East, bear inscriptions, principally derived from the Koran, but occasionally from some favourite poet.

Mussulmans not being able, without an infraction of the law, to gratify the inclination so natural to the man who indulges in it, of tracing on some solid and durable material the fugitive scenes of life, and even the dreams which fill the imagination;—not being able to express by emblematic figures the thoughts which occupy them most vividly;—it has become necessary that, in order to manifest their ideas, their sentiments, their passions, they should have recourse to writing; however cold and imperfect this mode of communicating with their fellow-creatures must have appeared to men naturally of an ardent and poetical temperament. Inscriptions cover the walls of their mosques; on the outside as well as on the inside. They cover the walls of all the public buildings, of the palaces. Those are particularly celebrated which are found in the magnificent halls, in the baths, or the fountains of the ancient and superb Alhambra; an inimitable structure, the eternal testimony to the genius of the Moors. In the midst of garlands of flowers, and of a multitude of other ornaments, executed with the most refined taste, appear graceful and moral expressions; the most frequent of which is that which a good Mussulman ought to have unceasingly on his lips—"God is great; there is no god but God." The Koran also furnishes the inscriptions which the Mussulmans engrave on their arms, their vases, and their furniture of every kind. These inscriptions announce a lively and constant faith; and such is that of all the followers of Islamism.

Superstition is the inseparable companion of excessive piety. The Mussulmans firmly believe in magic, astrology, and the art of divination by various mysterious processes. The East has always been the cradle of the most absurd creeds. It is thence that they have sallied to invade the world; and, therefore, it is not surprising it is there that still prosper, without opposition, without obstacle, all the fables, all the superstitions, which have so long contributed to the stultification of Europe, and from which we are only just beginning to free ourselves.

The Mussulmans have added many stories to the lives of the personages mentioned in the Bible. They have done more. They have placed among them personages whom the Bible never mentions; and to whom they have attributed adventures, sometimes very singular, and entirely unknown to Jews and Christians. But it would appear that those adventures were universally known in the time of Mahomet, because he alludes to them in the Koran. The Talmud and the books of the Rabbis, the Gospels, false as well as true, which were then circulating in the East, were, no doubt, the sources of all the singular opinions which the people adopted with respect to the Hebrew patriarchs, Jesus Christ, the Vir-

gin Mary, and the Apostles. Mahomet had no interest in destroying those opinions. On the contrary, he supported them as respectable, whenever they were calculated to strengthen the new religious system which he wished to impose upon his country. The result of all this has been a mass of legends, one more silly than another, which remind us of the "Thousand and One Nights." We will quote a few from the number:—

Adam is with Mussulmans, as with Jews and Christians, the first man, the father of the human race. But they do not believe that after he was driven out of Paradise he had Eve to console him a little under so heavy an affliction. The angel of the Lord threw Adam into the island of Ceylon, while Eve was banished to the shores of the Red Sea. It was not until two hundred years afterwards that God, affected by their tears, consented to reunite them in the neighbourhood of Mecca. Adam was also a prophet. He had on his forehead the luminous beam, which afterwards sparkled on the forehead of Moses.

After Noah, whose history they have not much disfigured, the Mussulmans speak of two prophets not mentioned in the Bible;—Houd and Saleh. The one went to preach the faith to some Arabs; giants, if ever there were any; for the least of them measured sixty cubits. But they refused to believe in the one God whom he came to announce to them. Saleh went into a valley of Arabia to preach to a tribe of wicked Arabs, who mocked him. In vain, to convince them by a miracle, did he cause a camel, ready to foam, to come out of a mountain. They killed the camel and its young.

But the patriarch whose life they seem to have taken most pleasure in loading with fables was Abraham, whom they call Ibrahim, and who is held by them in great veneration. According to the Koran and its commentators, at the age of fifteen months, Abraham was as stout as a youth of fifteen years; and he could maintain himself at a small expense, for he had nothing to do but to suck his fingers. From one he drew exquisite milk; from another the most delicious honey. Subsequently, he went to preach to the inhabitants of Babylon; but Nimrod, their king, threw him on a funeral pile, which was immediately changed into a parterre of roses.

As for another patriarch, not less celebrated, Joseph, or as the Mussulmans pronounce it, Jousouf, they have also embellished his history, already so interesting in the Bible, with various romantic occurrences. According to them, Joseph was so handsome, that no woman could see him without falling in love with him; which is some excuse for the extreme passion conceived for him by Potiphar's wife, whose name is not given in the Bible, but whom the Mussulmans call Zoleikha. As they talked scandal about her in Egypt, and as the ladies of the country disapproved especially of her having given her heart to a slave, she invited a party of them to come and eat pomegranates with her. The ladies were all at table when Joseph made his appearance; and were so dazzled and agitated by his beauty, that, not knowing what they were about, they cut their fingers, instead of the pomegranates! — *Monumens Arabes, Persans, et Turcs, du Cabinet de M. le Duc de Blacas.*

#### DRAMA.

##### ENGLISH OPERA, ADELPHI.

On Thursday night, the *Irish Girl*, written by Mr. Ryan, was produced at this theatre; and,

\* This pathetic poem was written on a melancholy occasion; the author having visited an old monastic church on the Continent to bury a beloved infant.—*Ed. L. G.*

\* "And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand."—*Genesis, xli. 42.*



thanks to the exquisite acting of Miss Kelly, was not only received with great delight, but gave assurance of a popular run to the end of the season. It ought to be performed every night, were it for no other reason but to allow the public to witness (as many as can at one time in so small a theatre) this beautiful piece of histrionic art; of which, to say it is equal to the highest preceding effort of this matchless actress, is merely to render a just tribute to perfect excellence. In itself the piece has no claims to eulogy: it is made by Miss Kelly, who is, however, well supported by Miss H. Cawse, and the rest of the dramatic corps.

Mr. Arnold will, we believe, certainly be enabled to open on the 1st of July next year, in his own new theatre, on the improved site, the corner of the new street crossing the Strand from Wellington Bridge. What lover of music or the drama is there who does not wish him every success?

#### VARIETIES.

**Pharos.**—The first light-house was constructed by Ptolemy in Egypt on the Isle of Pharos, from which they derive also their name in modern languages. It is said that this building cost 800 talents.

**Bicephalous Calf.**—At the last sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire read a report relative to a bicephalous calf, which was born in the Cantal, and which resembled precisely, as to the mode of junction, &c. the double girl, Ritta-Christina, who died in Paris.

**Aerostation.**—In America, M. Genet and his conditors, in France three rivals, Messrs. Dupuis-Delcourt, Chabrier, and Vallot, are all busily engaged in the construction of machines for travelling in the air; and are all equally sanguine as to the result! Of course, the nature of their respective inventions has not transpired.

**Medal.**—A beautiful bronze medal has been struck at Paris, bearing on one side, "The French People to the English Nation. Paris, 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, 1830;" and on the other, emblems of liberty, with the words, "Peace and Liberty—all mankind are brothers." It is admirably executed; and large numbers have been purchased in France for presents to the English residents.

**Bon-Mot.**—Sir George Smart was much startled and alarmed by the sudden flash of lightning which broke through our storm on Monday afternoon; which Bartley happening to mention in the green-room of the Adelphi in the evening, Peake, with his ever-ready wit, rejoined, that he was not surprised at Sir George's fright, as he was aware he was a conductor.

The "New York American" paper records the death of Mr. Oliver, a medical student, who was drowned at Trenton Falls, while shewing them to "several young female friends," the party consisting of his sister, his uncle, and two cousins.

**Light.**—M. Morel, a French naturalist, has presented the Paris Academy of Sciences a work on the influence of light, in which he shews that the animalculæ common to water in which vegetable or animal matter is in maceration, would not be developed in the absence of light, which is absolutely essential to their existence.

**Paris.**—At the last sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Larrey, the principal surgeon of the military hospital of Gros Caillotte, read an interesting report of the wounded in the affairs of the 27th, 28th, and 29th July, who

had come under his treatment. Among other facts, the report stated that the fragments of marble, and the small pebbles with which the people had, for want of balls, loaded their guns, had caused more serious wounds than leaden balls would have inflicted: and that many of the wounds in the extremities had produced lock jaw, which proved fatal.

At the last sitting of the Institute of France, it was announced that the adjudication of the prize for the best essay on the political state of the Greek cities of Europe, and the islands of Asia Minor, from the commencement of the second century before our era, to the establishment of the empire of Constantinople, was postponed till 1831, none of the essays on the subject having been thought worthy of reward.

At the same sitting it was announced that a gold medal worth 1,500 francs will be given for the best critical essay on the passages relative to the person and doctrines of Pythagoras, which are to be found in the writers of antiquity, for the purpose of distinguishing, as much as possible, what belongs to the history and mode of teaching of that philosopher. Two other gold medals, of similar value, are promised for next year; one for an essay on the changes which have taken place during the middle ages in ancient geography, and the other on the history of the decline and fall of Paganism in the provinces of the Empire of the West, from the time of Constantine. The precise form of the announcements may be seen in the *Moniteur* of the 6th of September.

**Literature, &c.**—The King of the French, Louis Philip, has given instructions to a distinguished *littérateur* to obtain for him a correct list of all the literary and scientific bodies in Europe, with a precise account of their charitable institutions, in order that he may subscribe to those which he considers the most deserving of support. It is stated, that at present the king bestows nearly one million of francs per annum, directly or indirectly, in the encouragement of literature and science; and that he insists upon each of his children patronising works of art to an extent justified by the pecuniary means which he has placed at their disposal.

**Gas.**—There is no doubt that the late Mr. F. A. Winsor was the first who applied gas to the lighting of streets and cities; but to J. J. Becher, a native of Germany (born at Spire 1635, and who died in London 1685), belongs the discovery of extracting gas from coals. He was at that time a very clever chemist, and occupied himself a great deal with the theory of combustion.

**Method of destroying Locusts.**—The *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles* gives a method of catching locusts, by means of a sort of drag-net, formed of two sheets, from which they may be shaken into boiling water, and destroyed. It also states that they then become red, and will afford excellent food for pigs or chickens.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXXVII. Sept. 11.]

In addition to our literary news of last week, we may mention, that besides the new Tales of a Grandfather, Sir Walter Scott is engaged upon a romance, the name of which is to be Robert of Paris.

Captain Basil Hall has on the anvil Fragments of Voyages and Travels in various Parts of the World; a work in three small volumes, intended for young persons.

The Edinburgh Encyclopedia is at last completed; and we regret to hear from that good city, that the Editor and Proprietors have gone to loggerheads about the Price.

M. Virginus Soncini (the author of a History of Sweden) has lately published at Milan a translation into Italian of Othello and Macbeth, with explanatory notes.

He intends bringing out a version of four more tragedies from Shakespeare.

The Philosophy of Sleep, by Mr. Macnish, is nearly ready.—A Gaelic Song Book, by Mr. Munroe of Cardell, and the Practical Baker and Confectioner's Assistant, by John Turcan, Operative Baker, are announced.—Sixteen Nos. of a Gaelic Journal, conducted by Dr. McLeod, with the assistance of other Celtic scholars, have been published in the Highlands; and Gaelic Sermons, under the superintendence of Dr. Dewar, are also published monthly along with the Journal.—The Book of Private Prayer, compiled for the use of Members of the United Church of England and Ireland.—A little poem on the French Revolution of 1830, by Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq.; illustrated by woodcuts from designs by George Cruikshank.—The British Herald, or Cabinet of Armorial Bearings of the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain and Ireland, from the Earliest Period; with a History of Heraldry, by Thomas Robson.—A Manual of Prayers, in easy language, for every Day in the Week, by the Rev. J. Topham.—The Poetical Works of the late Dr. F. Sayers, and a Life, by W. Taylor, of Norwich.—A novel called Basil Barrington and his Friends, will very shortly make its appearance.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Fenn's Sermons, 8vo. 9s. 6ds.—Chafield's Measurer, royal 8vo. 8s. 6ds.—Economy of the Mouth and Teeth, 4to. 4s. 6ds.—Walks about Town, 18mo. 1s. sewed.—Whole Art of Dress, 18mo. 5s. 6ds.—Topham's Manual of Prayers, 18mo. 1s. 6ds. 4to. 1s. 6ds.—Easy and Familiar Sermons for Children, by a Lady, 18mo. 3s. 6ds.—M'Dean's Poems, 8vo. 7s. 6ds.—Rev. J. Hordern's Sermons, 8vo. 5s. 6ds.—Rev. John Miller's Sermons, 8vo. 5s. 6ds.—Twelve Designs for the costume of Shakespeare's Richard III. 4to. coloured, 1l. 5s.—Pinelli's Carnival of Rome, 1830, 4to. 10s. 6d.—Sir J. Reynolds' Works, containing 312 engravings, 4 vols. folio, printed, 42l.; proofs, 63l.—Runsey's Wycombe Corporation Case, 8vo. 12s. 6ds.—Greenwood's New Forgery Act Statutes, 12mo. 8s. 6ds.—France in 1829-30, by Lady Morgan, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. 6ds.—Byron's Cain, with Notes by Harman Grant, crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. 6ds.—Hermann's Greek Metres, Abridged and Translated by Seager, 8vo. 8s. 6d. 6ds.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 2	From 41. to 69.	30.14 to 29.94
Friday .. 3	— 40. — 69.	29.79 — 29.76
Saturday .. 4	— 51. — 68.	29.85 Stationary
Sunday .. 5	— 48. — 64.	29.66 to 29.65
Monday .. 6	— 50. — 59.	29.58 — 29.46
Tuesday .. 7	— 50. — 62.	29.64 — 29.74
Wednesday 8	— 50. — 62.	29.68 — 29.95

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing. Alternately clear and cloudy; frequent and, at times, heavy showers of rain; at half-past four, on the afternoon of the 6th, vivid flash of lightning, followed immediately by a clap of thunder of considerable sound.

Rain fallen,  $\frac{1}{8}$  of an inch.

**Meteor.**—On the evening of Sunday, the 5th instant, the northern part of our hemisphere was visited by an uncommonly brilliant meteor, differing from the ordinary appearance of these phenomena;—very much resembling the memorable one of November 13th, 1803, noticed by Dr. Firminger in the *Philosophical Transactions* for December. It first appeared at about ten minutes before eight, near the head of Perseus, passing from thence through the southern part of Camelopardalis to rather more than one degree beyond a Capella, where it became invisible, from the intervention of a dense nimbus: the extent of the track through which it remained visible was about 20°, which was described by the meteor in the space of four seconds: the diameter of the larger ball was about one-tenth of that of the moon, and of a brilliancy equal to that of Venus at her greatest elongation: it appeared round, and well defined in every part, except that opposite to the direction in which the meteor was moving, where it was mingled with three smaller balls of a beautiful dark green and blue colour: it had also a train the whole length of its path, viz. 29°, equal in brilliancy to that of a very fine rocket, for which it was at first taken by several who were so fortunate as to observe it.

Edimonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.  
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To T. P.: certainly not: the thing is too contemptible. We have no means of answering H. D. F. exactly: by the statement made to us, we would say, from fifteen to twenty thousand.

W.'s Maria is consigned to oblivion: the subject has been too often repeated.

We thank W. E. T., and think well of his talents; but we must decline the series of Sketches so obligingly offered.

We are not aware of any publication which would, perhaps, exactly suit A. Z. An abridgement of Barclay's well-known treatise may be had at Laurie's, in Fleet Street. It is, we believe, entitled, the Art of Painting in Oil Colours, and contains much useful information. A. Z. may also consult with advantage Pincock's Catechism on Art.

ERRATUM.—In our last No., page 579, column 3, line 45, for "monstrous," read "memorandum."

## ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The Medical Classes will Open on Friday the 1st of October. The Council have sanctioned a new division of the instruction in Anatomy.

Mr. Bell will teach the Physiology, illustrating that Science by continual reference to the pieces of Anatomy; and thus combining the knowledge of Structure with that of the Properties of Life. At the suggestion of Mr. Bell, the Council have associated with him in the Chair of Anatomy. In order that this department may be most efficiently taught, but without needless repetition, Mr. Bell will teach Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy; and Mr. Bennett General Anatomy, comprising the Development and Organisation of the several Systems; and he will likewise teach the Descriptive Anatomy of the Viscera.

The following are the Medical Classes.

Anatomy.—Mr. G. S. Pattison and Mr. J. R. Bennett. Fee 7s.; or for the First Division, 4s.; and for the Second, 3s. Physiology.—Mr. Charles Bell. Fee 3s. Anatomical Demonstrations.—Mr. J. R. Bennett and Mr. R. Quain. Fee 6s.; or 4s. for each division. Nature and Treatment of Diseases.—Dr. Conolly. Fee 6s.; or 4s. for each division. Surgery and Clinical Surgery.—Mr. Charles Bell. Fee 4s.; or for each division 2s. Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children.—Dr. D. Davis. Fee 5s.; first division 3s.; second division 2s. Clinical Medicine.—Dr. Watson. Fee for the whole Course 4s.; and for half the Course 2s. Materia Medica and Therapeutics.—Dr. A. T. Thomson. Fee 5s.; or for each division 3s. Chemistry.—Dr. E. Turner. Fee 7s.; first division 4s.; second division 3s. Comparative Anatomy.—Dr. R. E. Grant, terminating at the end of January. Fee 4s.; or for the First Division, 2s. Medical Jurisprudence.—Dr. J. Gordon Smith. Fee 4s.; or for each division 2s. Hospital attendance daily from Half-past Twelve to Half-past One. Fee for the Session 5s. Dispensary.—Dr. D. Davis.

On Friday the 1st of October, at Three o'clock precisely, Dr. Conolly will deliver a General Introductory Lecture, for which Tickets of admission will be obtained at the Office.

A Medical Library has been formed for the use of the Students. The other Classes of the University open on Monday the 1st of November. Particulars of these and of the Medical Courses will be given at this Office.

September 2, 1820.

By order of the Council,  
THOMAS COATES, Clerk.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Albemarle Street, Sept. 1st, 1820.

The extended and practical Course of Chemical Lectures and Demonstrations, for Medical and General Students, delivered in the Laboratory of this Institution, by Mr. Brande and Mr. Faraday, will commence this season on Tuesday, the 5th of October, at Nine in the Morning, and be continued on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at the same Hour. Two Courses are given during the Season, which terminate in June. For a Prospectus of the Lectures and the Terms of Admission, application may be made to the Lecturers, or to Mr. Fincher, at the Royal Institution.

JOSEPH FINCHER, Assistant-Secretary.

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Autumnal Course of Lectures will commence on Friday, the 1st of October.

Theory and Practice of Medicine.—First Course, Dr. Elliotson; Second Course, Dr. Williams. Materia Medica.—Dr. Roots. Chemistry.—Dr. Barton. Anatomy.—Mr. F. Treadell and Mr. John F. South. Surgery.—Mr. Green. Midwifery.—Dr. Ferguson and Dr. Ashburnham. Comparative Anatomy.—Mr. John F. South. Clinical Lectures will be given.

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